

L I F E:

ITS PHYSICAL CONDITION, AND THE MEANS OF AMELIORATION CONSIDERED.

BY D. BATES.

WHATEVER may be the condition in which the soul shall hereafter exist—whether as a disembodied spirit independent of matter, or as the tenant of some incorruptible organism—of this there can be no doubt, that its existence here is dependent on animal life, and that its presence can be manifested only through physical functions. The soul here, in this life, can act only through the organs of the body.

Whether the soul is generated by some secret and delicate process in the body, or whether it is an abstract and independent principle that pervades it and constitutes life, we leave to the student in psychology to determine; but that the manifestations of the soul take their *tone* from the organs through which it acts, is a question susceptible of the clearest demonstration. Indeed, no further proof would seem to be necessary than an appeal to the consciousness of every individual. The mind is simply the manifestation of the soul. This mental process or manifestation is performed by the organs of the brain. But the brain itself is no more the mind or soul than the arm or foot. It is simply a part of the material organism, and subject to the same laws which govern in the formation, perfection, and decay of other parts of the body. It is wholly incapable of performing any office in infancy; may be over-exerted, diseased, and deranged in middle life; and falls gradually again into a state of childish weakness in old age. Whatever is the condition of the organism—whether strong or weak, in whole or in part; whether excitable or phlegmatic; whether young or old, bond or free; whether under the influence of health or sickness, heat or cold, poverty or wealth, hunger, thirst, or satiety—such will be the corresponding manifestation of the soul.

The will is doubtless an indication of the capacity of the soul. It does not, however, constitute the power nor include the ability of the organism to perform. As a proof of this, let any one think, for a moment, what his will would perform if he had the power to execute its mandates. It controls

mental and physical action within the range of their powers; and may, by exercise, enlarge and extend them to a great degree; but beyond their powers its efficiency must cease.

Though the soul is dependent upon the body for its manifestations, it is also true that this dependence is necessarily reciprocal to a great extent. But it is well known that the body exists in comparative health without the ability to manifest the presence of the soul; while, on the other hand, the soul never is manifested except through the organs of the body.

If, then, it is true that the condition of the body exerts a controlling influence over the manifestations of the soul, is it not clearly our duty to take care of the body, and see to it, that the highest powers of which it is capable are developed? But how is this duty performed? Is it not as though the very reverse of this proposition were true?—as though the soul alone required our fostering care, while the body is left to take care of itself? We would smile at the man who seriously contemplates commencing at the roof to build a house. And yet such is precisely the course pursued by those who are attempting to improve the condition of the human race. If the soul can manifest itself only through the body, and if it is desirable that it should do so, is it not the body that requires our first attention? But what is the fact? While millions upon millions are spent in wild and visionary enterprises, poverty, destitution, wretchedness, and all that tends to degrade and brutalize humanity, are staring at us on every hand. These dwellers in the haunts of degradation, misery, and too often crime, are left, like an ulcer, to fester and exhale their poisonous exhalations, tainting the very atmosphere of society, and to pour forth generation after generation upon the earth, whose only inheritance is the constitutional defects and the wretched poverty of their parents. To tell such that they must improve their minds and morals, must read their Bibles, must go to church and Sabbath school, must keep away from vice and evil associations—in short, that they must be honest,

industrious, sober, orderly, pious, good citizens, is as idle as to breathe it upon the winds. It is worse than folly. It is to mock them. It is to make them feel more keenly the wretchedness of their condition.

This is no overwrought imaginary picture. It is the condition of a large majority of the human race. It is true, real, earnest; present all around us, even at our very doors; and has been, is, and will be so, until we learn that, to make mankind better and happier, we must first improve their physical condition. You might as well plant fruit-trees in dark alleys, cellars, and garrets, and expect them to thrive, bloom, and bring forth fruit, as to expect human beings, deprived of everything that renders life a blessing, to possess and maintain the refining and elevating principles of humanity.

Mrs. Pierson beautifully and truly calls the rich and the poor "the froth and the sediment in the cup of life;" but we would have it, if possible, free from both. The former may be readily and easily thrown off; but the latter, rising with every motion of the cup, and mingling its impurities with the mass, renders it continually turbid and bitter.

Suppose our land to be entirely free from these two extremes—the purse-proud heir, the child of want—suppose there was not a homeless wretch, not a broken spirit, not a reckless vagabond, not a child of poverty to be found in this republic; not a home that was not surrounded with competence and comfort; not a parent that was not capable of teaching his or her children both by precept and example, will any one say that the aggregate amount of happiness, under such circumstances, would be no greater than that which is now enjoyed?

But we may be told that this is Utopian—a dream that can never be realized. If this be so, then there has been some grand mistake in the organism of man; for this desire to have a comfortable competence, we believe, is universal; it is the moving spring to exertion, and thousands realize it; but the contest by which it has been obtained, and the constant watchfulness necessary under the present state of society to retain it, take away from the blessing a great portion of the enjoyment; but still the possession of it is a blessing, and is so universally regarded. No greater libel was ever put forth than that the poor are happier than the rich. The possession of large and bloated wealth is undoubtedly an evil which brings with it a vast amount of care, trouble, anxiety, and perplexity; but who ever heard of a rich man giving away his wealth and becoming poor for the purpose of enjoying a greater amount of happiness?

It cannot be that there has been any mistake in this matter. The Bible, Christianity, civilization, the diffusion of light and knowledge, all prove that there has been none. But, on the contrary, whatever they have accomplished, up to this time, has been to this end—the equalization of the condition of the human race. God has provided enough for the happiness and comfort of all his creatures; but

man, in the love of power, the vanity of ambition, and the selfishness of his heart, has wrested these blessings from their legitimate channel, has perverted the healthful flow of human sympathy and feeling, and made the acquisition of these blessings a contest, which should have been but a healthful and free-will offering.

The Agrarian proposition, "to divide," and then divide again, when the shares become unequal, ridiculous as it may seem, involves no absurdity in fact. Do we not divide, and divide again? It is no free-will offering, it is true; but it is done, nevertheless, however imperfectly and unwillingly the task may be performed. How much better, how much more manly and dignified would it be to step forth and meet the case in a proper, philanthropic, Christian spirit, and save poor humanity from the weight of crime that presses it down continually, than to suffer the same thing by murders, robberies, thefts, forgeries, over-reaching, swindling, false pretences, bad faith, broken promises, disabilities, misfortunes, accidents, almshouses, hospitals, prisons, guardians, bolts and bars, taxes, &c. &c. ! Do we not divide? Now we affirm, that whatever may be the intermediate stages of error and crime, nearly the whole catalogue of man's transgressions has its origin in absolute want or poverty; and the amount thus levied on the community, is more than enough to procure a home and the means of comfort for every poor man in the land, ten times over.

The plan, then, which we would pursue, is, therefore, nothing new, but a different way of doing the same thing. That it is practicable, the progress of civilization abundantly proves. We will not say that it could be put at once into successful operation, even if those who have it in their power to do so were ready and willing to perform their part. There are the vile and corrupt among us, whom no human kindness and sympathy could subdue and control. A few years, however, would suffice to sweep them off; and with due regard to the personal comfort, the moral and intellectual development of the rising generation, every vestige of the rude and barbarous would soon disappear.

If any suppose that a plan of this kind would encourage idleness, we can only say that they take a very limited and superficial view of human nature. Men are not poor because they will not labor. They are poor because others reap the reward of their labor. Heaven knows, they labor long and hard without the hope scarcely of any other destiny through life; and if by it they can procure a bare subsistence, they endure their lot with patience and resignation; to be taunted, perhaps, by those who revel upon their earnings, with a want of economy as the cause of their fate. Give men the means, and a prospect of comfort and independence, and, our word for it, the energy will not be wanting. If you would make men lazy, idle, and inefficient—slaves—deal out to them a mere pittance, day by day. If you would make them active and energetic, give them the means of profiting by their industry;

lead them up, and show them the promised land, and they will go over and possess it.

If this plan had merely in view the physical improvement of the human race, it would be of but little consequence whether it succeeded or not. But the object to be attained is higher and nobler in its aim. It contemplates *securing, through the happy condition here*, the eternal welfare of millions and millions yet unborn.

Blood, wisdom, and wealth have all been spent in vain in the establishment of our institutions, unless we have learned that with bad citizens we cannot have a good government; and with good citizens we cannot have a bad government. It is, therefore, the policy, as well as the duty, of every Christian and philanthropist—indeed, of every good citizen—to put forth his energies for the improvement of the physical condition of the human race. To accomplish anything worth the effort, we must start here; this point gained, and all the rest is of easy acquisition. General laws and regulations, however salutary, will not reach the case; they seldom exert more than a negative influence. The good to be

accomplished must be positive, special, and personal, that it may be useful and lasting.

To the Church or the State, the life of one individual, or a thousand, is comparatively nothing. Thousands are born, and thousands die, without disturbing in the least the organization of these institutions. Even society feels only now and then a momentary shock at the sudden demise of one of its prominent members. The little home-circle is here and there broken, as a leaf falls on the placid bosom of the water, causing a slight ripple upon its surface only; while the great stream of life flows on. Yet, notwithstanding all this heedlessness and unconcern, life and death are personal events of the most stupendous interest to every individual. Life, to each one, is the creation of the visible universe—death, the expiring throes of its dissolution. Life, the incubation of an immortal spirit—death, the dawn of its existence in eternity. Both are events over which no one has any control. Life is a boon unsought—death an inevitable decree. It is ours to make the former virtuous and happy, that the latter may be tranquil and full of hope.

## KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"  
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Sir, you're a stranger; but I must deal plain with you. That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.—*The Widow.*

THE business of the feast had scarcely been begun, when it was interrupted by a heavy tread without, as of more than one iron-shod person; and, the door being thrown open by Bacehus, a dull-faced lieutenant, having charge of the escort of Balfour, showed himself at the entrance, and begged a hearing.

"What's the matter, Fergusson? Can't it keep till after supper?" was the somewhat impatient speech of Balfour.

He was answered by a strange voice; and a little bustle followed, in which a person, totally unexpected, made his appearance upon the scene. The stranger's entrance caused the commandant's eyes to roll in some astonishment, and occasioned no small surprise in all the assembly. He was a tall young man, of goodly person, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years of age, but habited in a costume not often seen in the lower country. He wore one of those hunting shirts, of plain blue homespun, fringed with green, such as denoted the mountain ranger. A green scarf was wrapped about his waist, with a belt or baldric of black, from which depended a very genteel cut-and-thrust. On his shoulder was an epaulette of green fringe also; and he carried in his hand, plucked from his brows as he entered the apartment, a cap of fur, in which shone a large gay button; behind which may have been worn a plume, though it carried none at present. The costume betrayed a captain of loyalist riflemen, from the interior, and was instantly recognized as such by the British officer. But the stranger left them in no long surprise. Advancing to the table, with the ease of a man who had been familiar with good society in his own region all his life, yet with a brusqueness of manner which showed an equal freedom from the restraints of city life, he bowed respectfully to the ladies, and then addressed himself directly to Balfour.

"Colonel Balfour, I reckon?"

"You are right, sir; I am Colonel Balfour."

"Well, colonel, I'm right glad I met you here. It may save me a journey to the city, and I'm too much in a hurry to get back to lose any time if I can help it. I'm Captain Furness, of the True Blue Rifles, of whom, I reckon, you've heard before. I've ridden mighty hard to get to you, and hope to get the business done as soon as may be, that I come after. Here's a letter from Colonel Tarleton. I reckon you hain't heard the news of the mischief that's happened above?"

"What mischief?"

"You've heard, I reckon, that Lord Cornwallis gave Saratoga Gates all blazes at Rugely's Mills?"

"Yes, yes; we know all that."

"Well, but I reckon you don't know that just when Cornwallis was putting it to Gates in one quarter, hard-riding Tom was giving us ginger in another?"

"And who is hard-riding Tom?"

"Why, Tom Sumter, to be sure—the game-cock, as they sometimes call him; and, sure enough, he's got cause enough to crow for a season now."

"And what has he been doing above?"

"Well, he and Tom Taylor broke into Colonel Carey's quarters, at Camden Ferry, and broke him up, root and branch, killing and capturing all hands."

"Ha! indeed! Carey?"

"Yes. And that isn't all. No sooner had he done that than he sets an ambush for all the supplies that you sent up for the army; breaks out from the thicket upon the convoy, kills and captures the escort to a man, and snaps up the whole detachment, bag and baggage, stores, arms, spirits, making off with a matter of three hundred prisoners."

"The devil! Forty wagons, as I live! And why are you here?"

"Me? Read the letter, colonel. Lord Cornwallis has sent Tarleton after Sumter, and both have gone off at dead speed; but Tarleton has sent me down to you with my lord's letter and his own, and they want fresh supplies sent after them as fast as the thing can be done. I'm wanting some sixty-five rifles, and as many butcher knives, for my own troop, and a few pistols for the mounted men. Colonel Tarleton told me you would furnish all."

Balfour leaned his chin upon both hands, and

looked vacantly around him, deeply immersed in thought. At the pause in the dialogue which followed, Katharine Walton asked the stranger if he would not join the party at the supper-table. He fastened a keen, quick, searching glance upon her features; their eyes met; but the intelligence which flashed from out his met no answering voice in hers. He answered her civilities gracefully, and, frankly accepting them, proceeded to place himself at the table—a seat having been furnished him, at the upper end, and very near to her own. Balfour scowled upon the stranger as he beheld this arrangement; but the latter did not perceive the frown upon the brow of his superior. He had soon finished a cup of the warm beverage put before him; and, as if apologizing for so soon calling for a fresh supply, he observed, while passing up his cup—

“I’ve ridden mighty far to-day, miss, and I’m as thirsty as an Indian. Besides, if you *could* make the next cup a shade stronger, I think I should like it better. We rangers are used to the smallest possible quantity of water, in the matter of our drinks.”

“The impudent backwoodsman!” was the muttered remark of Balfour to Cruden, only inaudible to the rest of the company. The scowl which covered his brow as he spoke, and the evident disgust with which he turned away his eyes, did not escape those of the Ranger; and a merry twinkle lighted up his own as he looked in the direction of the fair hostess, and handed up his cup. Had Balfour watched him a little more closely, it is possible that he might have remarked something in his manner of performing this trifling office which would have afforded new cause of provocation. The hand of the Ranger lingered near the cup until a ring, which had previously been loosened upon his little finger, was dropped adroitly beside the saucer, and beyond all eyes but hers for whom it was intended. Katharine instantly covered the tiny but sparkling messenger beneath her hands. She knew it well. A sudden flush warmed her cheek; and, trusting herself with a single glance only at the stranger, he saw that he was recognized.

## CHAPTER V.

Mendoza is protector of thy realm;  
I did elect him for his gravity:  
I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.

*Marlowe.*

THE evening repast, in the good old times, was not one of your empty shows, such as it appears at present. It consisted of goodly solids of several descriptions. Meats shared the place with delicacies; and tea or coffee was the adjunct to such grave personages as Sir Loin, Bacon, Beef, and Viscount Venison. Balfour and Cruden were both strongly prepossessed in favor of all titled dignitaries, and they remained in goodly communion with such as these for a longer period than would seem rea-

sonable now to yield to a supper-table. Captain Dickson naturally followed the example of his superiors; and our loyalist leader, Furness, if he did not declare the same tastes and sympathies in general, attested, on this occasion, the sharpness of an appetite which had been mortified by unbroken denial throughout the day. But the moment at length came which offered a reasonable pretext to the ladies for leaving the table. The guests no longer appealed to the fair hostess for replenished cups; and, giving the signal to her excellent, but frigid and stately aunt, Mrs. Barbara, Katharine Walton rose, and the gentlemen made a like movement. She approached Colonel Balfour as she did so, and laid the keys of the house before him.

“These, sir, I may as well place at once in your keeping. It will satisfy you that I recognize you as the future master here. I submit to your authority. The servant, Bacchus, will obey your orders, and furnish what you may require. The wines and liquors are in that sideboard, of which you have the keys. Good-night, sir; good-night, gentlemen.”

The ease, grace, and dignity with which this communication was made, surprised Balfour into something like silence. He could barely make an awkward bow and a brief acknowledgment as she left the apartment, closely followed by her aunt. The gentlemen were left to themselves; while Bacchus, at a modest distance, stood in respectful attendance.

“By my life,” said Cruden, “the girl carries herself like a queen. She knows how to behave, certainly. She knows what is expected of her.”

“She *is* a queen,” replied Balfour, with quite a burst of enthusiasm. “I only wish that she were mine. It would make me feel like a prince, indeed. I should get myself crowned King of Dorchester, and my ships should have the exclusive privilege of Ashley River. ‘The Oaks’ should be my winter retreat from the cares of royalty, and my summer palace should be at the junction of the two rivers in Charleston. I should have a principality—small, it is true; but snug, compact, and with larger revenues, and a territory no less ample than many of the German princes.”

“Beware!” said Cruden, half seriously. “You may be brought up for *lèse-majesté*.”

“Pshaw! we are only speaking a vain jest, and in the presence of friends,” was the reply of Balfour, glancing obliquely at Captain Furness. The latter was amusing himself, meanwhile, by balancing his teaspoon upon the rim of his cup. A slight smile played upon his mouth as he listened to the conversation, in which he did not seem to desire to partake. Following the eye of Balfour, which watched the loyalist curiously, the glance of Cruden was arrested rather by the occupation than the looks of that person. His mode of amusing himself with the spoon was suggestive of an entirely new train of thought to the commissioner of sequestered estates.

"By the way, Balfour, this looks very suspicious. Do you observe?"

"What looks suspicious?"

"Do you remember the subject of which we spoke before supper?—the plate of this rebel Walton? It was understood to be a singularly extensive collection—rich, various, and highly valuable. You remark none of it here—nothing but a beggarly collection of old spoons. The coffee-pot is tin or pewter; the tea-service, milk-pot, and all, of common ware. I am afraid the plate has followed the jewels of the young lady, and found its way into the swamps of Marion."

A scowl gathered upon the brow of Balfour, as he glanced rapidly over the table. The next moment, without answering Cruden, he turned to Bacchus, who stood in waiting with a face the most inexpressive, and said—

"Take the keys, Cupid, and get out some of the best wines. You have some old Jamaica, have you not?"

The reply was affirmative.

"See that a bottle of it is in readiness. Let the sugar-bowl remain, and keep a kettle of water on the fire. This done, you may leave the room; but remain within call."

He was promptly obeyed. The conversation flagged meanwhile. Cruden felt himself rebuked, and remained modestly silent, but not the less moody on the subject which had occasioned his remark. Balfour referred to it soon after the disappearance of Bacchus.

"It is as you say, Cruden; there is certainly no display before us of the precious metals. I had really not observed the absence of them before. In truth, everything was so neatly arranged and so appropriate, that I could fancy no deficiencies. Besides, my eyes were satisfied to look only in one direction. The girl absorbed all my admiration. That she has not herself gone into the camp of Marion, is my consolation. I shall compound with you cheerfully. You shall have the plate, all that you may find, and the damsel comes to me."

The cheeks of the loyalist captain, had they caught the glance, at that moment, of the commandant of Charleston, would have betrayed a peculiar interest in the subject of which he spoke. They reddened even to his forehead, and the spoon slid from his fingers into the cup. But he said nothing, and the suffusion passed from his face unnoticed.

"I am afraid that you would get the best of the bargain. But it may be that the plate is still in the establishment. It would scarcely be brought out on ordinary occasions."

"Ordinary occasions! Our visit an ordinary occasion!" exclaimed Balfour. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, my good fellow. These Carolinians never allow such occasions to escape them of making a display. The ostentation of the race would spread every available vessel of silver at the entrance of stranger guests of our rank. Nothing would be wanting to make them glorious in

our eyes, and prompt us to proper gratitude in theirs. They would certainly crowd sideboard and supper-table with all the plate in the establishment."

"Ay, *there* we guests, Balfour; but that were no policy, if we came as enemies. Would they tempt cupidity by ostentatious exhibitions of silver? Scarcely! They would be more apt to hide away."

"As if they knew not that we are as good at seek as they at hide! No, no, my dear fellow; I am afraid that your first conjecture is the right one. If the woman gives her jewels, it is probable that the plate went before. But we shall see in season. Meanwhile, I am for some of the rebel's old Madeira. Come, Captain Furness, let us drink confusion to the enemy."

"Agreed, sir," was the ready answer. "I am always willing for that. I am willing to spoil the Egyptians in any way. But to see how you do things here below, makes one's mouth water. We have mighty little chance, in our parts, for doing ourselves much good when we pop into an enemy's cupboard. There's monstrous small supply of silver plate and good liquor in our country. The cleaning out of a rebel's closet in 'Ninety-Six' won't give more than a teaspoon round to the officers of a squad like mine; and the profits hardly enough to reconcile one to taking the pap-spoon out of a baby's jaws, even to run into Spanish dollars. But here, in these rich parts, you have such glorious pickings, that I should like greatly to be put on service here."

"Pickings!" exclaimed Balfour, lifting his eyes, and surveying the loyalist from head to foot, as he held the untasted goblet suspended before his lips—"pickings! Why, sir, you speak as if the officers honored with the commission of his majesty, could possibly stoop to the miserable practice of sharing selfishly the confiscated possessions of these rebels."

"To be sure, colonel; that's what I suppose. Isn't it so, then?" demanded the loyalist, not a whit abashed.

"My good sir, be a little wiser; do not speak so rashly. Let me enlighten you."

"Pray do; I'll thank you, colonel."

"To distress the enemy, to deprive them of the means to be mischievous, alone causes the sequestration of their goods and chattels. These goods and chattels must be taken care of. It may be that these rebels will make proper submission hereafter, will make amends for past errors by future service; and, in such cases, will be admitted to his majesty's favor, and receive their possessions at his hands again, subject only to such drawbacks as flow necessarily from the expense of taking care of the property, commissions on farming it, and unavoidable waste. These commissions are generally derived from mere movables, silver and gold, plate and jewels, which, as they might be lost, are at once appropriated, and the estate credited with the appropriation against the cost and trouble of taking care of it. That the officers in his majesty's commission should employ this plate, is simply that his majesty's service may be sufficiently honored and

you command due respect. Selfish motives have no share in the transaction. We have no 'pickings,' sir—none! *Appropriations*, indeed, are made; but, as you see, solely for the equal benefit of the property itself, the service in which we are engaged, and the honor of his majesty. Do you comprehend me, my young friend?"

"Perfectly, sir; perfectly. I see. Nothing can be clearer."

"Do not use that vulgar phrase again, I pray you, in the hearing of any of his majesty's representatives. 'Pickings' may do among our loyalist natives. We do not deny them the small privileges of which you have spoken. You have emptied, in your experience, I understand, some good wives' cupboards in Ninety-Six. You have grown wealthier in tea and pap-spoons. It is right enough. The laborer is worthy of his hire. These are the gifts with which his majesty permits his loyal servants to reward themselves. But, even in your case, my young friend, the less you say about the matter the better. Remember, always, that what is appropriated is in the name, and, consequently, for the uses of his majesty. But no more 'pickings,' if you love me."

An air of delicate honor always accompanied the use of the offensive phrase. The loyalist captain professed many regrets at the errors of his ignorance.

"I see, I see; 'appropriations' is the word, not 'pickings.' There is a good deal in the distinction, which did not occur to me before. In fact, I only use the phrase which is common to us in the up-country. Our people know no better; and I am half inclined to think that, were I to insist upon 'appropriations,' instead of 'pickings,' they would still be mulish enough to swear that they meant the same thing."

Balfour turned an inquisitive glance upon the speaker; but there was nothing in his face to render his remark equivocal. It seemed really to flow from an innocent inexperience, which never dreamed of the covert sneer in his answer. He tossed off his wine as he finished, and once more resumed his seat at the table. So did Cruden. Not so, Balfour. With his arms behind him, after a fashion which Napoleon, in subsequent periods, has made famous, if not graceful, our commandant proceeded to pace the apartment, carrying on an occasional conversation with Cruden; and, at intervals, subjecting Furness to a sort of inquisitorial process.

"What did you see, Captain Furness, in your route from the Congarees? Did you meet any of our people? or did you hear anything of Marion's?"

"Not much, colonel; but I had a mighty narrow escape from a smart squad, well mounted, under Major Singleton. From what I could hear, they were the same fellows that have been kicking up a dust in these parts."

"Ha! did you meet them?" demanded Cruden. "How many were there?"

"I reckon there may have been thirty or thirty-five—perhaps forty—all told."

"You hear?" said Cruden.

"Yes, yes!" rather impatiently, was the reply of Balfour. "But how knew you that they were Singleton's men?"

"Well, it so happened that I got a glimpse of them, down the road, while I was covered by the brush. I pushed into the woods out of sight, as they went by, and found myself suddenly upon a man, a poor devil enough, who was looking for a hiding-place as well as myself. He knew all about them; knew what they had been after, and heard what they had done. His name was Cammer; he was a Dutchman, out of the Forks of Edisto."

"What route did they pursue?"

"Up the road, pushing for the east, I reckon."

"And you want rifles and sabres, eh?"

"And a few pistols, colonel."

"Do you suppose that you have much work before you, after this annihilation of Gates at Camden?"

"Well, I reckon there was no annihilation, exactly. The lads run too fast for that. They are gathering again, so they report, pretty thick in North Carolina, and are showing themselves stronger than ever in our up-country. The fact is, colonel, though Lord Cornwallis has given Gates a most famous drubbing, it isn't quite sufficient to cool the rebels. The first scare, after you took the city, is rather wearing off; and the more they get used to the sound of musket bullets, the less they seem to care about them. The truth is, your British soldiers don't know much about the use of the gun, as a shooting iron. They haven't got the sure sight of our native woodsmen. They are great at the push of the bayonet, and drive everything before them: but at long shot, the rebels only laugh at them."

"Laugh, do they?"

"That they do, colonel, and our people know it; and though they run fast enough from the bayonet, yet it's but reasonable they should do so, as they have nothing but the rifle to push against it. If they had muskets with bayonets, I do think they'd soon get conceited enough to stand a little longer, and try at the charge too, if they saw a clever opportunity."

"That's your opinion, is it?"

"Not mine only, but his lordship, himself, says so. I heard him, with my own ears, though it made Colonel Tarleton laugh."

"And well he might laugh! Stand the bayonet against British soldiers. I wonder that his lordship should flatter the scoundrels with any such absurd opinion."

"Well now, colonel, with due regard to your better judgment, I don't see that there's anything so very absurd in it. Our people come of the same breed with the English, and if they had a British training, I reckon they'd show themselves quite as much men as the best. Now, I'm a native born American myself, and I *think* I'm just as little likely to be scared by a bayonet as any man I know. I'm not used to the weapon, I allow; but give me time and practice, so as to get my hand in, and I warrant you, I'd not be the first to say 'back out,

boys, a hard time's coming." "People fight more or less bravely, as they fight with their eyes open, knowing all the facts, on ground that they're accustomed to, and having a weapon that's familiar to the hand. The rifle is pretty much the weapon for our people. It belongs, I may say, to a well-wooded country. But take it away from them altogether, and train them every day with musket and bayonet, with the feel of their neighbor's elbow all the while, and see what you can make of them in six months or so."

"My good friend, Furness, it is quite to your honor that you think well of the capacities of your countrymen. It will be of service to you, when you come to confront our king's enemies in battle; but you are still a very young man—"

"Thirty-two, if I'm a day, colonel."

"Young in experience, my friend, if not in years. When you see and hear more of the world, you will learn that the bayonet is the decreed and appointed weapon for a British soldiery over all nations. He may be said to be born to it. It was certainly made for him. No people have stood him with it, and take my word for it no people will."

"Unless, as I was saying, a people of the same breed—a tough, steady people, such as ours—that can stand hard knocks, and never skulk 'em when they know they're coming. I've seen our people fight, and they fight well, once they begin—"

"As at Camden."

"There they didn't fight at all; but there was reason—"

"Let us take a glass of wine together, Captain Furness. I feel sure that you will fight well when the time comes. Meanwhile, let us drink. Come, Cruden, you seem drowsing. Up with you, man. Our rebel, Walton, had a proper relish for Madeira. This is as old as any in the country. What would they say to such a bottle in England?"

"What! can't they get it there?" demanded the loyalist captain, with an air of unaffected wonderment.

"No, indeed, Furness. You have the climate for it. You see, you have yet to live and learn. Our royal master, George the Third, has no such glass of wine in his cellar. Come, fill, Cruden, shall I drink without you?"

"I'm with you! Give us a sentiment."

"Well! Here's to my Altamira, the lovely Katharine Walton; may she soon take up arms with her sovereign! Heh! You don't drink my toast, Captain Furness?"

"I finished my glass before you gave it, colonel."

"Fill again! and pledge me! You have no objection to my sentiment?"

"None at all! It don't interfere with a single wish of mine. I don't know much about the young lady; but I certainly wish, in her case, as in that of all other unmarried young women, that she may soon find her proper sovereign."

"I see you take me. Ha! ha! You are keen, sir, keen. I certainly entertain that ambition. If

I can't be master over Dorchester and the Ashley, at all events, I shall aim to acquire the sovereignty over her. Cruden, my boy, you may have the ancient lady—the aunt. She is a gem, believe me, from the antique! Nay, don't look so wretched and disgusted. She is an heiress in her own right; has lands and negroes, my friend, enough to make you happy for life."

"No more of that, Nesbitt. The matter is quite too serious for jest."

"Pshaw! drink! and forget your troubles. Your head is now running on that plate. What if it is gone, there are the lands, the negroes, and a crop just harvesting—some nine hundred barrels of rice, they tell me!"

A sly expression passed over the features of the loyalist captain, as Balfour enumerated the goods and chattels still liable to the grasp of the sequestrator; but he said nothing. Balfour now approached him, and putting on an air of determined business, remarked abruptly—

"So, Captain Furness, you desire to go with me to Charleston for arms?"

No, indeed, colonel; and that's a matter I wish to speak about. I wish the arms, but do not wish to go to Charleston for them, as I hear you've got the small-pox and yellow fever in that place."

"Pshaw! They never trouble genteel people, who live decently and drink old Madeira."

"But a poor captain of loyalists don't often get a chance, colonel, of feeding on old Madeira."

"Feeding on it! By Jove, I like the phrase! It is appropriate to good living. One might fatten on such stuff as this without any other diet, and defy fever and the ague. Afraid of small-pox? Why, Captain Furness, a good soldier is afraid of nothing."

"Nothing, colonel, that he can fight against, to be sure; but dealing with an enemy whom you can't cudgel, is to stand a mighty bad chance of ever getting the victory. We folks of the back country have a monstrous great dread of small-pox. That was the reason they could get so few of the people to go down to Charleston when you came against it. They could have mustered three thousand more men if it hadn't been for that."

"It's well they didn't. But there's no need of your going to the city if you don't wish it. You can stay here with Cruden, or in Dorchester, till I send on the wagons."

"That'll do me, exactly; and now, colonel, if you have no objections, I'll find my way to a sleeping place. I've had a hard ride of it to-day—more than forty-five miles—and I feel it in all my bones."

"We can spare you. Ho, there!—Jupiter!—Cupid!"

"Bacchus, I think they call him," said the loyalist.

"Ay! How should I forget when the Madeira is before us. Come, sir, captain, let us take the night-cap;—you, at least, I mean to see these bottles under the table, before I leave it."

Furness declined; and, at that moment, Bacchus made his appearance.



"Find a chamber for this gentleman," said the commandant; and, bidding the British officers good-night, Furness left the apartment under the guidance of the negro. When they had emerged into the passage-way, the loyalist captain, to the great surprise of the former, put his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, and, in subdued tones, said—

"Bacchus, do you not know me?"

The fellow started and exclaimed—

"Mass Robert, is it you?—and you not afeard'd?"

"Hush, Bacchus; not a word, but in a whisper. Where am I to sleep?"

"In the blue room, sir."

"Very good: let us go thither. After that, return to these gentlemen, and keep an eye on them."

"But you're going to see young missus?"

"Yes; but I must do it cautiously."

"And you ain't 'feard'd to come here! Perhaps you got your people with you, and will make a smash among these red-coats?"

"No. But we must say as little as possible. Go forward, and I will tell you further what is to be done."

The negro conducted the supposed loyalist—passing through the passage almost to its extremity, and from thence ascending a flight of steps to the upper story. Here another passage, corresponding in part with that below, opened upon them, which, in turn, opened upon another avenue conducting to wings of the building. In one of these was the chamber assigned to Furness. To this they were proceeding, when a door of one of the apartments of the main building was seen to open. The loyalist paused, and, in a whisper, said—

"Go, Bacchus, to my chamber with the light. Cover it when you get there, so that it will not be seen by the soldiers from without. Meanwhile, I will speak to your mistress."

The negro disappeared, and Katharine Walton, in the next moment, joined the stranger.

"Oh, Robert, how can you so venture? Why put your head into the very jaws of the lion?"

"Let us follow this passage, Kate. We shall be more secure. Balfour and his companions sleep in the chamber below, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Come, then, and I will try to satisfy all your doubts, and quiet all your fears."

And the speaker folded his arms tenderly about the waist of the maiden, as he led her forward through a passage that seemed equally familiar to both the parties.

## CHAPTER VI.

Nothing makes me wonder

So much as, having you within their power,  
They let you go.      BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"And now, Robert," said Katharine Walton, "tell me the reason of this rashness. Why will you so peril yourself, and at a moment when the memory

of that dark and terrible scene in which you rescued my father from a base and cruel death still fills my eyes and heart? What do you expect here? What would you do?—which prompts you to incur this danger?"

"Ah, Kate," replied her companion, fondly clasping her to his bosom, "were it not a sufficient answer to boast that my coming provokes such a sweet and tender interest in you? The gentle concern which warms the bosom of the beloved one is surely motive enough to stimulate the adventure of a soldier; and I find a consolation from all toils and perils, I assure you, in a moment of meeting and satisfaction so precious as this. If you will censure my rashness, at least give credit to my fondness."

"Do I not, Robert? And is not this farther proof of your attachment, added to so many, which I never can forget, as dear to me as any hope or treasure that I own? But there is some other motive, I am sure, for your presence now. I know that you are not the person, at a season when your services are so necessary to the country, to bestow any time even upon your best affections, which might better be employed elsewhere. Surely, there is a cause which brings you into the snares of our enemies, of a nature to justify this rashness."

"There is—there is, dear Kate; and you are only right in supposing that, precious as it is to me to enjoy your presence, and clasp you in fond embrace, even this pleasure could not have beguiled me now from the duties of the camp."

"But how have you deceived these people?"

"How did I deceive you, Kate? You did not see through my disguise; you, who knew me so well, any more than Balfour and Cruden, to whom I am so utterly unknown."

"True—true; and yet, that I did not detect you, may be owing to the fact that I scarcely noted your entrance or appearance. I took for granted that you were one of the enemy, and gave you scarce a look. When I knew you, I wondered that I had been deceived for a moment. Had I not been absorbed by my own anxieties, and prepossessed against your appearance, I should have seen through your disguise without an effort."

"Yet Bacchus knew me as little as yourself."

"For the same reasons, doubtless. But what is the history of this disguise, Robert? And is there a real Captain Furness?"

"There is. We surprised him yesterday on his way to the city, and soon after I had separated from your father. His letters and papers suggested the deception; and I did not scruple to employ the contents of his saddle-bags in making my appearance correspond with his. We are not unlike in size, and there is something of a likeness in the face between us. A *ruse de guerre* of considerable importance depends upon my successful prosecution of the imposture. We shall procure a supply of arms and ammunition, which is greatly wanted in camp; and possibly effect some other objects, which I need not detail to you."

"But the peril, Robert."

"You have become strangely timid and apprehensive, Kate, all on a sudden. Once you would have welcomed any peril, for yourself as well as me, which promised glorious results in war or stratagem. Now—"

"Alas! Robert, the last few days have served to show me that I am but a woman. The danger from which you saved my father brought out all my weakness. I believe that I have great and unusual strength for one of my sex; but I feel a shrinking at the heart, now, that satisfies me how idly before were all my sense and appreciation of the great perils to which our people are exposed. Robert, dear Robert, if you love me, forego this adventure. You surely do not mean to visit the city?"

"Not if I can help it. The small-pox furnishes a good excuse, which Balfour is prepared to acknowledge. But heed not me. At all events, entertain no apprehension. I am not so unprepared for danger as you think. I have a pretty little squad in the Cypress, and can summon them to my side in an hour. True, they are not equal to any open effort against such a force as is now at Dorchester. But let Balfour disappear, and your father but get the recruits that he expects, and we shall warm the old tabby walls for them with a vengeance."

"Whither has my father gone?"

"To the southward—along the Edisto. He may probably range as far as the Savannah. He has ten of my followers with him, which straitens me somewhat. But for this, I had been tempted to have dashed in among these rascals here, and taken off the commandant of Charleston, with his mercenary commissioner of sequestration. If you only had heard their discussion upon the division of your plate and jewels! the beasts!"

"You must have laughed, surely?"

"Knowing, as I did, to what market the plate and jewels went, it was certainly hard to keep from laughing outright."

"Alas! Robert, this reminds me that the evil so long anticipated, has come at last. You hear that I am to be dispossessed. 'The Oaks' must know a new proprietor, and the servants—that is the worst thought—they will be scattered; they will be drugged off to the city, and made to work at the fortifications, and finally shipped to the West Indies."

"I can laugh at them there too, Kate," and her companion could not entirely suppress a chuckle.

"How?"

"Never mind; better that you should know nothing. You will know all in the morning."

"Can it be that you have got the negroes off, Robert?"

"Ah! you will suffer me to have no secrets. They will all be off before daylight. Many of them are already snug in the Cypress, and a few days will find them safe beyond the Santee. The house servants alone are left, and such of the others as our British customers will be scarcely persuaded to take. Our venerable 'Daddy' Bram' is here still,

with his wool whiter than the moss; and Scipio, who was an old man, according to his own showing, in the Old French War; and Dinah, who is the Mrs. Methuselah of all the Ashley, and a dozen others of the same class. Balfour's face will be quite a study as he makes the discovery. But this is not all. We have taken off the entire stud—every horse, plough, draught, or saddle, that was of any service, leaving you the carriage horses only, and a few broken-down hackneys."

"This must have been done last night?"

"Partly; but some of it this very day, and while Balfour was dawdling and drinking at Dorchester."

"Were you then here last night, Robert?"

"Ay, Kate, and with an eye upon you as well as your interests. You had a visitor from Dorchester, Kate."

"Yes; Major Proctor, he came in the afternoon—"

"And is disgraced for coming! Your charms have been too much for him. It is already over Dorchester that he has been superseded in his command for neglect of duty, and is to be court-martialed for the affair of your father's rescue."

"Ah! I am truly sorry for him! He was an amiable and courteous gentleman, though an enemy."

"What! would you make me jealous? Am I to be told that he is a fine-looking fellow also—nay, positively handsome?"

"And what is it to me?"

"No woman, Kate, thinks ill of a man for loving her—no sensible woman, at least; and pity is so near akin to love, that the very disgraces that threaten this gentleman make me a little dubious about his visits."

"He will probably pay no more."

"What! do you mean to say, Kate, that you have given him reason to despair?"

"No, Robert, not so"—with a blush which remained unseen—"but this disgrace of his removes him from Dorchester, and carries him to Charleston—"

"Whither you go also?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Why, what do you propose to do?"

"To fly with you to the Santee, if I cannot remain here."

"Impossible, Kate! Who is to receive you on the Santee? Was it not thence that my poor sister hurried to find refuge with you in the last moments of her precious life? Our plantation was harried, and our dwellings burnt by the Tories, before I sent her hither. Besides, how would you escape hence—how travel, if you did succeed in making your escape—and in what security would you live in a region over which the ploughshare of war will probably pass and repass for many weary months?"

"And do you counsel me to go to the city—to place myself in the custody of these mercenaries?"

"You are in their custody now. You can do no better. The city is, at all events, secure from

assaults. Were the French to help us with an efficient fleet, and could our army be rallied under an efficient general, we might do something against it; but of this there is little present prospect. The same degree of security could attend you nowhere else in the South at present. Our war must be a Fabian war—irregular, predatory, and eccentric in regard to the region in which it will prevail. No, Kate, however much I would rejoice to bear you away with me, even as the knight of olden time carried off his mistress from the very castle of her tyrant sire, I love you too much to make such an attempt now, when I know not whither I could bear you to place you in even partial security."

"The mountains of North Carolina?"

"But how get there? We cannot hope that you should travel as we are constrained to do; for days without food; riding sometimes day and night to elude the enemy, or to find friends: with neither rest, nor food, nor certainty of any kind, and with the constant prospect of doing battle with an enemy as reckless and more faithless than the savage. You must submit, Kate, with the best possible grace, to the necessity which we cannot conquer."

A deep sigh answered him.

"You sigh, Kate; but what the need? Apart from the security which the city affords, and which was always doubtful here, you will find yourself in the enjoyment of society, of luxuries, gay scenes, and glorious spectacles; the ball, the rout, the revel, the parade!"

"Robert Singleton!" was the reproachful exclamation. It was a moody moment with our hero, such as will sometimes deform the surface of the noblest character, as a rough gust will deface the gentle beauties of the most transparent water.

"You will achieve now conquests, Kate. Your old suitor, Proctor, will be again at your feet; you will be honored with the special attentions of that inimitable *petit maitre*, the gallant Harry Barry;\* 'Mad Campbell' and 'Fool Campbell,'† who, in spite of their nicknames, are such favorites with the Tory ladies, will attach themselves to your train; and you will almost forget, in the brilliancy of your court, the simple forester, whose suit will then, perhaps, appear almost presumptuous in your sight."

"I have not deserved this, Robert Singleton."

"You have not, dearest Kate; and I am but a perverse devil thus to disquiet you with suspicions that have really no place within my own bosom. Forgive something to a peevishness that springs from anxiety, and represents toil, vexation, disappointment, and unremitting labors, rather than the thought that always esteems you, and the heart that is never so blessed as when it gives you all its love. It is seldom that I do you injustice; never, dearest cousin, believe me, when I think of you *alone*, and separate from all other human considerations. It is

then, indeed, alone that I love to think of you; and in thinking of you thus, Kato, it is easy to forget that the world has any other beings of worth or interest."

"No more, Robert—no more."

But, as she murmured those words, her head rested happily upon his bosom. With all around her apprehension and trouble, and all before her doubt, if not dismay, the moment was one of unmixed happiness. But she started suddenly from his fond embrace, and, in quick accents, resumed—

"I know not why it is, Robert, but my soul has been shrinking, as if within itself, under the most oppressive presentiments of evil. They haunt me at every turning. I cannot shake off the feeling, that something crushing and dreadful is about to happen to me; and, since the decree of this Commandant of Charleston, I associate all my fears with my visit to that city. This it is that makes me anxious to escape—to fly anywhere for refuge—even to the Swamps of the Cypress; even to the mountains of North Carolina, making the journey, if you please, on horse-back, and incurring all risks, all privations, rather than going to what seems *my fate* in Charleston. Tell me, Robert, is it not possible?"

"Do not think of it, Kate. It is *not* possible. I see the troubles, the dangers, the impossibilities of such an enterprise, as they cannot occur to you. Dismiss these fears. This presentiment is the natural consequence of what you have undergone, the reaction from that intense and terrible excitement which you suffered in the affair at Dorchester. It will pass away in a few days, and you will again become the calm, the firm, the almost stoical spirit—certainly in endurance—which you have shown yourself already. In Charleston, your worst annoyance will be from the courtesies and gallantries of those you will despise. You will be dependent upon them for civilities, and will need to exercise all your forbearance. Balfour will be the master of your fortunes; but he will not presume to offend you. You will need to conciliate him, where you can—where it calls for no ungenial concessions. We have many friends in that city; and my venerable aunt, who is your kinswoman also, will support you by her steady sympathies and courageous patriotism. You will help to cheer some of our comrades who are in captivity. You will find full employment for *your* sympathies, and, in their exercise, gain solace. Fear nothing—be hopeful—our dark days will soon pass over."

"Be it so. And yet, Robert——"

"Stay! Hear you not a movement below?"

"The British officers retiring, perhaps. They sleep in chambers below, and will not come up stairs at all. Bacchus has his instructions."

"You were saying——"

"The case of my father, Robert——"

"Hush! My life! these feet are upon the stairs! What can it mean?"

"Heavens! there is no retreat to my chamber! The light ascends! Surely, surely, Bacchus cannot have mistaken me! Oh, Robert, what is to be

\* A small wit in the British garrison.

† Nicknames of well-known British officers in Charleston

done? You cannot cross to *your* chamber without being heard, nor I to mine without being seen!"

"Be calm, Kate. Let us retire as closely as possible into this recess. Have no fears. At the worst, see, I am armed with a deadly weapon that makes no noise!"

He grasped the hilt of a dagger, which he carried in his bosom; and they retired into a dark recess, or rather a minor avenue, leading between two small apartments into the balcony in the rear. Meanwhile, the heavy steps of men—certainly those of Balfour and Cruden—were heard distinctly upon the stairs; while the voice of Bacchus, in tones somewhat elevated, was heard guiding them as he went forward with the light.

"Steps rather steep, gentlemen; have to be careful. This way, sir."

"Why do you speak so loud, Hector? Do you wish to waken up the house? Would you disturb the young lady—the Queen of Dorchester—my—my—I say, Cruden, come along, old fellow, and take care of your steps!"

Katharine trembled like a leaf. Robert Singleton—for such was his true name—put her behind him in the passage as far as possible, and placed himself in readiness for any issue. At the worst, there were but two of the enemy within the house; and our hero felt himself—occupying a certain vantage ground, as he did—more than a match for both. Let us leave the parties thus, while we retrace our steps, and return to the two whom we left fairly embarked on their carousals. Captain Dickson, it should not be forgotten, had gone back to Dorchester as soon as he had finished his supper.

(To be continued.)

## THE CARNIVAL AT ROME—1847.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

Le Carnival qui approchait lui en fournait l'occasion, car c'est une époque qui montre le peuple de Rome tel qu'il est.—*VIE DE LA PRINCESSE BORGHÈSE.*

This feast is termed the Carnival, which being interpreted, implies "Farewell to flesh;"

When there is fiddling, singing, drinking, masking.  
BYRON.

How shall I ever describe thee, thou glorious Carnival? How can I ever hope to convey even the shadow of an idea of thy exquisite folly, thy delicious madness? As well might the opium-eater hope to paint his fairy-land visions, or a German *geister seher* to describe the brilliant phantasma of the seventh sphere.

"There is one month in the year," say the sober-minded Turks, "during which Christians are insane." And, truly, he who does not enter into the spirit of the Carnival, may well deem himself in a world of lunatics. All the eccentricity, all the grotesqueness, all the wit, folly, singularity, and oddity which can be devised by a people who are eccentric and romantic in their soberest moments, are then brought into play.

There is a broad and beautiful street in Rome, called the Corso, any part of which presents views which might serve for scenes in theatres. From every window in this street, curtains of crimson and gold, or blue and silver, are hung; and the balconies which project from every house are similarly adorned. These are occupied almost exclusively by beautiful women, in every variety of costume which history can suggest, caprice invent, or imagination devise. Joan of Arc, from one window, makes war on you with sugar-plums; Pulcinella pelt you with peas, while a chance Contadina half kills you with kisses and confits. Anon, a beautiful Odalisque tosses you a flower; while, from an opposing balcony, a Louis Quatorze beauty discharges an egg full on your devoted coat. With heartfelt agony, you watch it as it breaks, and, lo! it is filled with cologne water! With a smile on your lips and rage in your heart, you dash on, only to encounter new showers of confits and new storms of bouquets.

Such is the main business of the Carnival—to ride through the Corso in a carriage; or to stand in a balcony, exchanging volleys of flowers and sugar-plums with the passers-by; and to crowd, at night, into a masked ball or the opera. But the thousand-and-one little incidents which serve to interest and amuse, while you hardly perceive them—the flirtations of a minute, the coquetries of a second—all these, unimportant by themselves, taken together, serve admirably to dispel the least trace of ennui, and throw an air of romance over the whole scene.

The missiles generally employed during the Carnival are of three sorts, namely—"The Offensive," "The Complimentary," "The Indifferent." Among

the offensive, I class, first, the plaster sugar-plums (a decided bull—Von Schwartz). These are made either of small balls of clay or peas, coated over with a mixture of lime and water; and when thrown with energy against any dark object, such as a coat or hat, leave a white mark. When the face and hands are pelted, or the lime powder gets into the eyes, the sensation is rather painful than otherwise. The Papal government, mindful of this fact, issues the strictest commands against such missiles being made of a larger size than the samples which are deposited in the Police Office. These commands are obeyed with an accuracy only equaled by that of the New York and Philadelphia boys, in regard to the Fourth-of-July edicts against fireworks. The second class of missiles includes potatoes, pebbles, cabbage-stalks, &c., all of which are contraband.

The Complimentary, for the greater part, consist of small bouquets, which are sold in vast numbers at an extremely low price—say a shilling the half-peck. To these may be added fancy confectionery of every description, as well as artificial flowers. The extravagance of the Roman ladies and gentlemen, in these last two items, passes belief. I seriously believe that many a man literally *throws* away *daily*, during Carnival, more money than he spends *weekly* at other seasons. But who thinks of prudence or economy at such a time? Carnival is short, and Lent is long; therefore, *vive la bagatelle!* and hang to-morrow! Such is the principle which actuates every one during this soul-expanding week.

The greater part of a man's happiness at this period, depends upon the skill and tact which he displays in discharging the last-mentioned class of missiles. Should he, à l'Anglais, merely fill his carriage with flowers, and blindly throw away, right and left, at every girl he meets, he may, indeed, stand a chance of getting flowers in return; but the kind looks, the sweet smiles (not to mention the little bags and baskets full of sugar-plums), all of these delicate and interesting little attentions will be lost to him.

What should he do? For the benefit of those gentlemen who propose passing the next Carnival at Rome, I would say, throw your bouquets at individuals, and not, as most do, at windows and carriages. Always select an individual—catch her eye, and, holding out your bouquet in such a manner as to indicate that it is for her alone, toss it gently to her. Having done this, you may, with modest confidence, hold out your hat to catch anything which she may cast in return.

The third class of missiles, or the Indifferent, vary in the manner in which they are applied. Should they be gently tossed, with a sweet smile, we may safely class them among the Complimentary; but when thrown with violence, they are most decidedly offensive. They consist, for the greater part, of oranges, lemons, large balls of sugar, heavy bonbons, and bouquets in which the stem is the principal part.

The Corso is undoubtedly the head-quarters of

the Carnival. But it does not by any means monopolize all the fun. In order to prevent confusion, carriages are compelled to follow each other in succession, keeping to the left, as the Roman law directs. To return to their place, they are obliged to make a detour through another street, generally the Ripetta; therefore the Ripetta becomes itself the scene of a small Carnival. Moreover, all those pedestrian masks, to whom acting is necessary in order to fully exhibit the part which they have assumed, are obliged to seek a street not overcrowded, such as the Ripetta, in order to obtain an audience. The visitor, therefore, who wishes to fully enjoy the Carnival, must not neglect this street.

These pedestrian maskers are, to many, the most interesting part of the Carnival. Every one is sustaining a part; and not unfrequently two or three unite for this purpose. You will see banditti bending low, and stealing with stealthy step around the corner, threatening to rob the unwary passer-by of his last sugar-plum. An elderly lady, apparently from the country, with a coal-scuttle bonnet, and mask admirably adapted to express terror and confusion, rushes madly through the crowd at right angles, shrieking aloud for her lost child. A man, bearing his wife on his back, and six children hung round, passes by; you laugh, but are deceived at the sight; nor is it until a close examination that you discover that, of all this interesting family, the *man* only is real—the wife and children being composed of *papier mache*.

I observed a party of maskers in a car festooned with evergreen, and drawn by a donkey neatly dressed for the occasion, in white pantaloons and brown coat, with his tail in a bag. The unfortunate animal walked along with slow steps, apparently in a dream. He was completely confused, bewildered. No longer an inhabitant of this world, he was, apparently, in a transition state to that future life, where, according to the Pantagruelist, beasts change conditions with their masters.

Every one at Rome, as I have already intimated, either gives or receives flowers during this period. But how can this apply to young ladies who are doomed, by cruel fate or a cross papa, to sit in third, fourth, or even fifth story windows, and watch the passers-by? Roman genius has surmounted this difficulty by an astonishing invention. This consists of a number of wooden bars, joined together in such a manner that when opened their united length is sufficient to reach the said window. But when closed and lying together parallel, they may be carried without difficulty under the arm. To open and shut these ingenious contrivances, requires skill. When a gentleman wishes to convey a flower or bon bon to a lady, he attaches it to the end of this machine and shoots it up to her window. She, detaching it, affixes another, which the machine, closing with a noise like the report of a pistol, bears to its master.

The war with the plaster plums rages to a terrible extent. English gentlemen and ladies are, how-

ever, the *principal* actors in this *offensive* warfare. These are the only persons who are so carried away by mad excitement and over-heated enthusiasm, as to literally pour the plaster by the peck upon passers-by, without distinction of age or sex. To protect yourself from such foes, it is necessary to wear a wire mask, a blouse, a broad-brimmed white sombrero, and a smiling face (for a Carnival mask doth hardly conceal the features). Thus armed and equipped, according to universal custom, you may bid defiance to a pelting world. The Carnival of each day begins at two o'clock, and closes just before the Angelus, with a horse-race. The steeds—according to the universal custom, which has given the street its name—run directly through the Corso, from the obelisk to Torlonia's palace. In this race, the horses are without riders; and, being goaded to the last pitch previous to the start, are urged on by the pricking and clattering of the sharp iron plates with which they are hung, as well as by the shouts of the spectators. So excited do the latter become at this spectacle, that it requires the utmost efforts, at the close of the race, for the soldiers to prevent them from rushing in and stopping the horses. Several times, during this present Carnival, men have been very seriously wounded by the bayonets of the guard.

And so it goes on, madder and madder, and wilder and wilder, like the witches' festival of a Walpurgis night. On the *last* day, the excitement is at its highest pitch. Flowers, bon bons, and plums are thrown, poured, and shot, with an unsparing hand. The number of carriages is doubled. Multitudes of maskers, hitherto unseen, make their appearance; while many of the old stagers vary their dresses in such a manner as to give a new interest to the scene. But the climax of this delirium appears in the hour succeeding the race of the last day. Then, indeed, the traveler will behold a spectacle, wilder, stranger, and more exciting than anything which he has ever before imagined.

I refer to the ceremony of "Extinguishing the Carnival," as it is termed—a ceremony in which every one bears a part. Let us imagine the masking and pelting of the day well over, and the revellers returning by the thousands from the race. Suddenly, a noise is heard in the direction of the Corso; and you, perceiving that all the maskers are bending their way thither, join them.

As you enter the Corso, a light like that of an immense conflagration appears. You press on, and, as you enter, a sight meets your eyes, the like of which the world cannot furnish. The whole street, more than a mile in length, is crowded to suffocation with crowds of people, every individual bearing in his hands a torch or taper. Lights are flashing from roof and balcony, and their glare is reflected from the crimson and gold canopies which yet overhang the houses. The carriages still continue their course, but their occupants are holding tapers; and, at intervals, in the crowd, you see long poles to which lanterns are hung or torches tied. It would seem as if

the entire population of Rome were bent on illuminating the Corso to the utmost extent. As you gaze, you perceive that these lights are continually being extinguished and relighted. Every individual appears bent on beating out his neighbor's light and preserving his own; and, against every luckless wight whose tapers are thus extinguished, or who appears taperless on the ground, the cry of "SENZA MOCOLO" is raised by his more fortunate neighbors. These two words, signifying, literally, "without a candle," are the only ones which are heard. Formerly, the cry raised during the "Extinguishment," was "*Sia ammazzato chi non porta moccolo*"—"Let him who is without a taper be assassinated." But in these days, assassination is becoming unpopular, even in Rome. And the roar of the voices—which is truly overpowering—the red flashing sheet, appearing in the distance like a gulf of fire, and the quaint devices which everywhere meet the eye, are enough, in truth, to make the spectator believe that all the wildest delusions, the maddest magic fantasies of Dondaniel, or the "House of Wrath," are being realized in the city of Rome.

The lights which are used in the "Senza Moccolo" consist of slender wax tapers, with large wicks. Several of these are twisted together, and a large flame is thus produced, which it would be next to impossible to blow out with the breath. To effect the extinguishment of these, the Roman ties one end of a handkerchief to a switch, and, thus armed, flaps away right and left. It sometimes occurs that, while thus employed in "dousing the glim," the candle-holder catches hold of the handkerchief. In such a case, if the captor be a foreigner, it is at once applied to the flame and burnt; but if a "native," it is quietly pocketed.

One of the most astonishing points in these scenes is the perfect good-humor which prevails throughout. An angry word, or even look, is very rare. "Were this thing tried among us," quoth Von Schwartz, my companion, from under his sombrero, "there would be more than ten thousand fights, *jusque à la mort*, in less than three minutes."

Von Schwartz lost *his* temper once during the "Extinguishment." A very pretty young lady, in a carriage, having dropped her taper, Von Schwartz politely relighted it and returned it to her. And what did the fair Italian? She not only blew out *his* light, but actually snatched it from him.

"Oh, ye Roman ladies!" groaned Von Schwartz, "would that Juvenal were alive again, even for your sakes!"

And thus, in tumult and revel and wild uproar, ends the Carnival. But nothing strikes the observer more than the sudden transition to the gloom and silence of Lent. The sun which sets on the wildest gayety and confusion, rises on prayer, repentance, and fasting. The lord of misrule, who hath borne it bravely for a season in minivere and gold, now yields his crown to the friar and monk, who, in silent power, confess the sins of his followers—*Comedia luget—Scena est deserta.*

## T H E C O N F I D E N T.

BY MRS. L. W. STEWART.

(See Plate.)

Alas, they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues will poison truth. CHRISTABEL.

"No; you do not disturb me, Marion. Come in."

But the speaker did not move from the couch, on which she half-reclined, to greet the new comer.

The girl called Marion glided softly—stealthily, you might almost have called it—across the gorgeous carpet, and placed her arm caressingly about the lady's form.

"You have good news," and her keen, gray eyes bent eagerly over a letter which her friend held.

Lucy Granger did not speak for a moment, though she clasped the hand resting upon her shoulder. It was as if a bright morning dream, which she feared to dispel, had bound her with its gentle thrall. There was a soft light in her beautiful eyes, and a sigh, low and tremulous, yet not of pain, parted her crimson lips. It seemed to recall her once more from whatever reveries she had indulged; but still she did not move, and spoke with downcast eyes, and a voice so subdued, that Marion knew the memory of pleasant thoughts yet lingered.

"I have a letter from Louis Vernon, my father's ward. I have not heard from him in years—yes, it is years since he sent me that little casket from Venice. It stands upon my dressing-table, Marion. He was leading an idle life then; and his letters to my poor brother were filled with descriptions of gorgeous *fêtes* and beautiful women, and moonlight seas. How he loved the beautiful! Harry and he were such friends! Then Harry died; and my father, who is so proud and cold—they only wrote on business; and, at last, Louis ceased to speak of me in his hurried letters. He is coming to England again."

Marion did not answer. She waited as if to hear more.

"He is come, I should have said; and will be here, in this very house, to-night. He wrote so kindly! I thought he had forgotten me; but he is just the same as ever. I wonder if he will think me altered. He says he hopes to find me the same; but I am a woman now, and he left a school-girl. Oh, Marion, he is so beautiful! Did you ever wish to be beautiful, Marion? To have those who look on you confess that you were so, with involuntary homage? Somehow, I could almost wish it for myself this afternoon. Louis loves all that is lovely."

If Lucy's eyes had been upraised, she would have seen a shadow, dark and almost malignant,

pass over the face that bent above her. Ungraceful in person, and cold in her exterior, the companion and *dependent* of the heiress of Granger Park had often cursed in her heart the adverse fate that had denied her all external attractions. Often as she had wreathed the beautiful curls of whose grace Lucy was unconscious, or arrayed the form whose every motion was grace itself, a bitter, envious thought poisoned the better feelings of her nature, until she had almost come to hate the gentle girl, who loved and trusted her with all the earnestness of an affectionate, guileless nature.

"Fortune, beauty, love; all showered upon her," Marion had murmured; "while I, born her equal, must rest in obscurity because a tithe of these gifts has been denied me. Oh, if I were but beautiful, how I would win men's hearts! How they should acknowledge the spell of my presence, and bow down before me, forgetful that my loveliness was my only dowry!"

And then the mirror would reflect a face pale with envy, and features harsh and contracted. Alas for Marion!

She remembered Louis Vernon. Could she ever forget him? for in his rude boyhood he had taunted her with her dependence—she could have borne that—and with her plainness, of which she hated even then to hear. She could recall every incident of that scene; his frank, manly face, and her own glance of defiance. "So he was coming home, and, no doubt, would woo and win his old playfellow. He was Sir Louis Vernon now, though Lucy had forgotten that." Thus ran Marion's thoughts. "And she will be mistress of all her father's wealth, and I, still in the shadow, must stand by and see the bridal pageant, and guard the jewels that she is to wear, and smile when I could weep, and bless when my heart curses!"

Oh, it was sad to see a human heart given up to such evil guidance; but it was the festering thought of a lifetime, and Marion was a rare dissembler.

"Nay, confess it," she said, playfully, as she still looked down upon the letter filled with kindly words and glad anticipations; "you love your father's ward, Lucy. Your brother's friend—that is not all. Well, you will be happy, for he could not refuse such homage."

"I offer him homage! But you are jesting."

"Nay; do you think I have been blinded all this





### THE CONFIDANT.

Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by W.K. Tucker.

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while to the love-dream that filled your heart? There are orange flowers in that little casket; withered, it is true; but Sir Louis gave them to you ere he sailed from England. There is a curl of brown hair beneath the velvet cushion; it is marvelously like some curls I have seen on his forehead. And perhaps you forget standing before the picture that hangs in your brother's room, ere it was closed, and sighing as you turned away?"

No wonder that Lucy blushed, and withdrew her hand impatiently.

"And your eyes will welcome him back again; and your lands may finish the conquest," she half murmured.

"There, go, Marion; my eyes shall never tell unmaidenly secrets. Did I not love you so well, I should chide you for speaking thus. I hear a bustle in the court-yard—I am not ready to receive my father's guests; you must do it for me. They have entered the drawing-room—"

It needed not Lucy's impatient entreaties, for Marion's heart beat fast with the wish to see Louis Vernon first—alone; and yet she complied as one who confers a favor. Then Lucy sank back upon the couch once more, and seemed to forget what was required of her. The rich fall of lace trembled to the quick beatings of her heart, and her hands clasped the letter nervously. She listened eagerly to catch the sound of voices from below; but there was nothing but the trampling of steeds as they were led from the court-yard, and the murmur of the summer fountain that played beneath her window.

"Marion spoke strangely," thought she; "have I been unmaidenly? Have I given my love unsought? Have I cherished other than a sister's love for Louis? I cannot tell. I do not know myself this afternoon. But I will be cold and formal—yes, my father's own child—and thus I will atone it. *Louis*"—the name was spoken with a lingering accent, as her reverie ceased; nor was the lady conscious how much that little word revealed.

She rose and stood before the mirror to adjust her robe. She drew one sprig of the starry white jessamine from a vase before her to twine among her curls, and in another moment had glided down the old oak staircase, already dusky with evening shadows, and stood before the subject of her thoughts.

She gave her hand lightly to a tall, dark-browed stranger, so different from the Louis of her memory, who bowed as haughtily as her father could have done, and led her to a seat.

How coldly his formal inquiries fell upon her ear; the measured tone was an unfamiliar sound. Her heart, that had fluttered so wildly, sank frozen in her breast. Poor Lucy, when they had parted as brother and sister part, with a kiss and loving clasp! She would have shrunk from either now, it is true; but the kind letter, hid beneath her silken boddicoe, had not prepared her for this unlooked-for coldness. The weary moments passed heavily, and Marion supported the lagging conversation in which neither of the others seemed to take interest. For once

Lucy was glad to hear the firm, heavy tread of her father sounding in the hall, and half sprang forward to meet him; but a thought seemed to check her, and she paused at the entrance, more embarrassed than ever before.

Mr Granger was, as Lucy had characterized him, stern and proud. There was strength in his compact figure and massive head. Masses of thick hair, now beginning to silver, were pushed back from his square forehead; and his mouth had a resolute compression, that did not relax as he bid the young stranger welcome. There was little sociability added to the group by his entrance; and when, after a dull and formal evening, they separated, all felt the relief of being once more alone.

"Dull enough, and cold enough," muttered Sir Louis, as he stood by the open window of his own apartment, looking out upon the exquisite landscape before him. The moonlight shone clear upon the dark recesses of foliage that inclosed the beautiful lawn, and in soft fantastic shadows lay on the velvet turf, quivering with every breath of the summer breeze. The dun deer slept peacefully in their sheltered coverts; and afar off the white cottages of the village were distinctly visible.

"No; nothing else has changed," went on the soliloquy; "except that Harry, my old playfellow, is not here to welcome me. There is the spire of the village church, where he sleeps. Poor Harry—I saw his smile when Lucy sprang to meet her father. How this has chilled me—I had hoped a warmer greeting; but, perhaps, I have been among the children of the bright South so long, that I have forgotten English coldness. She might have had one smile for her brother's friend. That Marion—*she's* not altered. The very same stealthy tread—that quick, upward glance when she thinks herself unobserved! But, perhaps, this is mere boyish prejudice. She always came between Lucy and myself in the old days; perhaps this is why I have shunned her. How very, very beautiful Lucy has grown; those soft clustering curls—the downcast eyes—the floating, sylph-like motion! and yet so womanly withal. She *is* like the hand I half worshipped in Florence—that soft *Calo Dolce* that hung in the east window. I wish her manner and her soul were more unlike her father's. She should have her mother's spirit with her mother's eyes. Ah, well, this tiresome visit will soon be ended; and then I will lay down my dream, and forget all under sunnier skies—"

And so the days went by at Granger Park. Sir Louis coldly, serenely courteous; and the lady as distant as at first in her stately bearing. Marion hovered like a shadow ever near them; for, when business was over, Mr. Granger was invisible, save at dinner, for the rest of the day.

It was the settlement of a tedious lawsuit, in which the estate of Sir Louis had been involved while under his guardian's control, which had called him to England. Perhaps his heart beat a little faster when he heard that Lucy was still unmarried,

and had far exceeded the promise of her girlish loveliness. He may have had a dream of turning from the gay, idle life in which he had passed so many years, and making his English home a paradise, whose Eve had the sweet mouth and gentle eyes of his old playfellow. But that was passed now, and he fretted impatiently at the chain in which "the law's delay" had bound him for many weeks at Granger Park.

Now and then he would fancy Lucy less cold, and his own iciness gave way before it. Sometimes, when strolling side by side through the dim old paths they had loved so well in years gone by, they would speak of those old days, and wish that they could return. Once they talked of Harry, and Sir Louis felt the hand that lay upon his own so lightly tremble, and thought the old confidence might be again established. But just then they came suddenly upon Marion, and both turned instinctively from the theme of their discourse.

"Nay, do not talk to me of Louis," the lady had said that night; "he has brought his fine Italian manners, and I like them not. My father must see it, for he shuns him; and I—oh, Marion, he was *not* so once."

And when the girl was gone, she took a slender key from the chain which she always wore, and unlocked the Venetian casket. It was empty, save those few faded flowers she had treasured. She took them up with an impatient gesture, as if she would have trampled them under her feet; but a tear fell on them: then they were pressed to her lips an instant, and again returned to their hiding-place. "No, no, I cannot destroy them now," she said; "Harry stood near when he gave them to me. I will still keep them for my brother's sake."

Sir Louis was already in the breakfast-room as she entered the next morning. Could she be mistaken in thinking that he smiled more kindly when he bade her "good morning?" Certain it is that he held her little prisoned hand for a moment, and drew her towards the open window.

"How very beautiful that far-off winding road looks in this fresh morning light," he said. "I was just thinking how often we have cantered over it, and wondering if the copses and the heath through which it wound are as green and leafy as then. I even had bolder thoughts, for I was wondering if I might not be permitted to accompany Miss Granger in her evening ride, and find for myself if it were so."

It was hard to repress the joy that came gushing to her heart at these words; but Lucy had strong self-control, and only bowed an assent.

"And Marion?" he added, in a tone of inquiry.

"Poor Marion," replied Lucy, "she will not leave her room to-day; she is ill, and has been so for a week past, but would not confess to it. I have noticed her burning hands and flushed cheek; and now I will not consent to her rising until good Dr. Morton has been consulted."

A new light came into the eyes that bent over her

as she spoke. It was plain Sir Louis was not anxious for the invalid's recovery.

"Poor Marion!" Lucy said to herself a hundred times that morning; and yet she seemed to feel her absence a relief, she knew not how or wherefore.

How anxiously she watched a dark, portentous cloud that rolled slowly from the west as dinner was announced. But she would not believe that a shower was at hand as she ordered the horses. More than once, during the almost interminable meal, she looked anxiously toward the window to watch its progress. Her father chided her more than once for her thoughtlessness, and once looked almost angrily towards her as her trembling hand spilled the wine she was raising to her lips. It was just as her ear had caught the first long, low muttering of the far-off storm. It was sweeping down in all its wrath when Sir Louis was released from his attendance upon Mr. Granger, and joined her in the drawing-room. There was no denying it now; the ride must be given up, and gloomily enough they watched the horses led away.

But after all it was a very pleasant evening. There was a sense of comfort when the rain beat against the windows, where the heavily-draped curtains excluded all but the voice of the storm; for the fire, which the chilliness of the atmosphere made most grateful, blazed cheerily upward; and Sir Louis sat near his fair hostess, and watched the colors that her skillful hands mingled in the delicate embroidery over which she bent. They did not talk much; but the silence was not oppressive; and, as the evening came on, Lucy sang the simple ballads Sir Louis could so well remember, when she first learned to mingle the rich notes of her voice with the melody of the "light guitar."

Lucy started at last with a feeling of self-reproach, that she had left Marion alone so long, and then the formal separation was exchanged for the briefer "good-night," which may be made to say so much.

With all her remorseful pangs, Lucy did not linger long at the bedside of the fretful invalid, and when in her own room the little casket was held once more within her hands. She awoke the next morning with that half dreamy yet undefined consciousness that something pleasant has occurred, which all can recognize; and when she remembered *why* she was glad to see the cheerful sunshine come streaming in, she sprang from her couch and commenced a hurried toilet.

Marion's fever had not abated; indeed, a sleepless, restless night had quickened her already rapid pulse, and, though she moaned impatiently at the durance, she was obliged to give up all thoughts of breakfasting below.

Lest something might again frustrate their project, Sir Louis petitioned a morning ride. How very beautiful was Lucy as she came bounding down the stone-steps, with a childlike, graceful movement, her habit gathered over her arm, to caress the noble steed, that acknowledged the hand of his gentle mistress.

Sir Louis could have kissed the dainty foot he held for an instant in his hand as she vaulted to the saddle, and in one moment more they were lost in the green vista that opened before them. They did not know from what a wild, strange gaze they were thus hidden; but the "evil eyes" were there of Marion, whose lips trembled as she fell back once more upon her pillow.

The spell could not pursue them that cloudless, sunbright morning. The air was loaded with fragrance from the blooming hedges and the rich clover fields by which they passed; a bird song thrilled through the copse before them, and far away the smoke-wreaths of the hamlet curled lazily upward. There was excitement to horse and rider as on they swept, and Lucy's curls floated back with the dark plume that fell upon her shoulders, and her eyes sparkled with a clear, joyous light Sir Louis had not seen in many a day. After a time, their road lay through an old forest, where the sunlight and the bird song were softened; while almost unconsciously they reined their steeds, and side by side rode onward more quietly.

There was enchantment in the very atmosphere; in the solemn, emerald light; in the soft shadows that trembled across their pathway. Then they heard the murmur of a little brook, and Sir Louis dismounted, while his steed bent to drink. It was a pleasant grassy glade through which the brook sparkled, and Lucy needed no second invitation to rest awhile in its shade. But she gathered wild flowers—while Sir Louis stood beside her only to crush them—and, quite unconsciously, dipped that pretty foot into the stream before her.

Imprudent Lucy!

At last she was again seated in the saddle, and she gathered the reins through her slender hand. But Sir Louis did not seem disposed to yield them, and stood leaning against a beech-tree and looking up into the fair face that bent over him.

"Do you know what a happy dream I had," he said at length, "as we sat on the bank together? It was a memory of 'days long vanished,' when a blue-eyed, fairy child first stood trembling with fear at mounting a steed like this. I saw those blue

eyes fill with tears, and turn to me beseechingly. Once more I comforted the trembler, and lifted her to the saddle. Once more I placed the reins in hands almost too tiny to grasp them, and led the steed along with one of those little hands resting upon my shoulder. Then a sweet voice called me 'dear Louis!' and I forgot for the moment that I could not take the child in my arms, as I then held her; that she was a woman now, and the pledged wife of another. Dear Lucy, forgive me if I envy him."

"Who? Of whom do you speak, *Louis*?"

"The child is here no longer—of you, and of your betrothed, the heir of Stanton Hall."

"My betrothed! You are dreaming *now*."

"Would that I could find it a dream. But I know full well who claims this hand," and he kissed it involuntarily as he spoke.

Lucy did not withdraw it, and the curls hid the deep blushes of her cheek as she bent forward, and whispered—

"I see all now. *She lied to you*."

"And you are not to be *his* bride?"

"Never! I would die first!"

"*Dear Lucy*!" and his arm encircled her as of old.

The lady's head bent still lower, but her heart beat very fast.

The birds heard strange tales that day in Beechwood Forest; and they might have whispered that a bride was won beneath its shadows. But they could not tell the angry malice of one burning heart, when its treachery was discovered, and Marion found, with all her lying tales and covert sneers, she could not separate Lucy from her betrothed. It was she who had placed the barrier between them at their meeting, when Louis came with hope to win the sister of his friend. And Lucy's father! For once his sternness vanished, when he clasped Sir Louis in his arms and called him "son," the dearest wish of his proud heart fulfilled. And, in due time, bridal chimes were rung, though Marion was not there to hear them; for her evil presence no longer darkened the hearth of Granger Hall.

# THE NIEBLUNGEN:

## A FEW WEEKS WITH A STUDENT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY PROF. CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL.

### CHAPTER I.

JUNE is the most charming month in the year for a visit to the country. Nature then looks like a lovely girl just coming out of her teens; she has cast aside the portness and frivolities of her early spring-time, and has not yet assumed the matronly soberness of midsummer. In the full bloom of beauty and flush of youth, she reposes in a calm and lofty, yet modest attitude. Such was nature's aspect when Edward Karsh found himself, in the year 181—, in one of her most delightful retreats on the banks of the Juniata—a river justly regarded as one of the ornaments of the Keystone State. Indeed, its banks may vie in natural beauty with those of the Rhine; and, in some parts of its course, the bold magnificence of its scenery may challenge that of the Hudson.

Edward was visiting at the house of a friend who had located his rural establishment in the vicinity of Huntingdon. Everything in and about the mansion indicated the refined taste of its owner, though some of its arrangements would be mistaken by the uncultivated for marks of an eccentric mind. The situation had been chosen with more reference to its romantic scenery than to its utilitarian advantages. It was sufficiently distant from the town to enable its occupants to enjoy the quietude of country life, and yet near enough to make the excursion

a pleasant walk or ride for their town friends. Henry Filmot, the owner, was a gentleman between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He had inherited a competency from his father; and, possessing literary habits and tastes, had invested his patrimony in real estate, and, with his sister Mariana, retired to this rural paradise. Here he devoted his time to literature, and especially to the study of the German authors.

A day or two after the arrival of Edward, Miss Filmot announced at breakfast that she expected that day a visit from an intimate friend, who would spend some time in the family. Then, turning to Edward, she remarked—"This lady is one that you will like; she has all the vivacity of girlhood combined with the mature sense and reflection of a cultivated woman. She has read much and judiciously, for her husband (she is a widow now), himself a man of intellect and of elegant acquirements, selected her books and directed her course of reading. Brother Henry used to consider him an extraordinary man; and Mrs. Thorule——"

Here she was interrupted by her brother, who looked up with a quiet smile, and said—"Ah, Mariana, take care how you prepare my friend here for Ellen's arrival. They are already very much like combustibles, and you need not kindle and fan the flames beforehand. But since we are to have the pleasure of her company, let us make arrange-

for our little picnic to come off to-morrow; and you may invite whom you please, only do not neglect Miss Keelvay because you dislike her."

"Oh, Henry, let us not invite that Miss Keelvay! You know it is no foolish fancy that makes me dislike her; but her distorted mind, her ridiculous airs, and silly eccentricities make her really a very disagreeable companion."

"I grant you all that, sister; but if the faults of our acquaintances were made a sufficient reason for excluding them from our society, I fear we should not have many left. As a stranger, and as a visitor at the house of our neighbor and friend, she is entitled to our courtesy."

"Well, since you wish it, brother, I will invite her to accompany us to the heights opposite Huntingdon, which, I believe, you have selected for the place of our rural gathering."

"Do so, Mariana; and, to show you how much I am pleased with you in this matter, I promise you for to-morrow's entertainment a conversation upon that strange book, as you call it, the 'Niebelungen Lied.' How will you relish that at a picnic under the green trees?"

"Nothing better, for I have heard that this poem (I have not the resolution to try to pronounce its name) was written when Germany was half wilderness and the people half savage."

"My friend Edward will doubtless dispel much of our ignorance of the literature and character of the Germans; and may, perchance, make you laugh with us at poor Père Bonhours and his silly question—'*Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit.*'"

"Why, Henry, the translations from German poetry by Bulwer and Longfellow, Jean Paul Richter in his English dress, and such men as Goethe, Schiller, and other great German authors, must have given, long ago, a silencing reply to the conceited Frenchman's query; but——"

"No such thorny logical connectives to-day, Mariana. To-morrow, when we are all comfortably seated in the shade of the trees, prepared for every species of fault-finding and laudation, you may bring out as many *buts* as you please. We shall leave you now to make your arrangements."

The day passed away, as days in a quiet country abode usually pass. Domestic duties engaged the attention of Mariana Filmot, while her brother spent the morning in his library, and Edward, with his gun, strolled about the fields and woods.

When Edward returned from his sporting trip, Miss Filmot met him at the door, and requested him to hasten with his evening toilet, for Mrs. Thorale had arrived, and several other ladies were in the parlor, one of whom was the odious Miss Keelvay. Edward was soon ready to enter, and was presented to Mrs. Thorale, Miss Keelvay, Miss Harriet and Angeline Ross, to Horace Ross, their brother, and finally to Captain Sunker. Edward's attention was immediately directed to the first two of the group; for, since their names had been mentioned to him, his imagination had been busily

drawing a picture of each of these fair visitors. Mrs. Thorale was a brunette, with a form, slender, indeed, but of exquisite proportion; fine, bright, speaking eyes; and an expression of countenance so peculiar, that, taken in connection with her person, it would lead one to describe her as a kind of fairy Di Vernon. Miss Keelvay was a tall, robust blonde, with features which might have passed for handsome had not her nose been rather too much *retroussé*. This peculiarity, however, assisted her to display the eccentricity for which she was noted among her acquaintances, as it gave to her countenance a cast somewhat *outré*.

After a few commonplace remarks, Mrs. Thorale said to Edward—"It seems that I have arrived just in time to partake of an extraordinary pleasure, for Miss Filmot informs me that you are to aid her brother to-morrow in unveiling to our novice eyes some of the mysteries of our kith and kin, the Germans. I have long been an admirer of the German mind, and especially of the German heart; and nothing but the want of a competent guide has kept me at the portals of a temple which I long to enter and explore. I am sure it contains many gigantic, many curious, and many beautiful specimens both of the works of nature and art."

"You will not be disappointed," replied Edward, "if you once enter and catch the spirit of the place; but it requires time and effort to divest one's self of national and literary prejudices, and to prepare to appreciate and enjoy the peculiarities one meets with in that strange temple, as you are pleased to call it."

Here he was interrupted by Mariana, who, with mock gravity, lifted her finger threateningly and said—"Brother Henry has interdicted all conversation on German literature to-day, so I will add my commands to his, Mr. Karsh, and bid you stop. But to-morrow—ay, to-morrow, we will enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of the German soul with the greater zest for our self-imposed abstinence to-day. By the way, Miss Keelvay, you will make one of our party to-morrow?"

Miss Keelvay, who had been engaged in a half-whispered conversation with Horace Ross, turned abruptly round, and said—"Who are to compose your party, Miss Filmot? The pleasure of a picnic, more than that of any other party, depends upon the selection of the company."

To this rude question and ruder remark, Mariana mildly replied—"Our party will not be large: we intend it merely as a rural excursion, in order to enjoy nature in one of her happiest days; and we expect to derive most of our pleasure from the scenery around the spot, and from the conversation of our friends. The members of our party are all present, with the exception of my brother, who is detained by necessary business."

Though Miss Keelvay seemed hardly satisfied with this information, she could do nothing less than accept the invitation with such grace as she was able.

Soon after this, the visitors took leave, and the inmates of the house retired to their chambers. Edward Karsh sat down and took a volume of Richter from the table; but though the book proved to be "Liviana," it seemed to occupy his attention but partially. "Yes, yes," he said at length to himself, as if in answer to a question that had just caught his eye, "Jean Paul may think women like the gentle Otaheites, that are all mildness in their nature, yet ready to devour their enemies; but there is no rule without an exception. Mrs. Thorale has all the brilliancy of lightning, without its destructive power. She is beautiful, and yet no one would dare call her pretty. I am certain that she, if any, can stand the test of an intimate acquaintance, without fear of disclosing those common foibles which often prevent our esteeming women, though we cannot help admiring them." Then suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, he continued—"But what does all this amount to? Surely, I have not been caught by a pair of bright eyes, fair tresses, and a bewitching smile? No, no! But we will see how she will appear by sunlight. Brilliant chandeliers in a well-appointed parlor often have a magical effect."

Opposite the village of Huntingdon is a beautiful hill, frequently used as a camp-ground for Sunday school parties. Few lovelier spots can be found in the country. On one side may be seen the village, the canal, and the river; the works of man, side by side with those of nature, spread out in calm repose; while, on the other, lofty mountains rise in grand contrast, and fill the soul of the beholder with emotions of sublimity. Rustic tables and benches are embowered in the thick foliage of the oak, elm, and maple, and afford a welcome resting-place after the toilsome ascent. Beneath a cluster of these trees, the picnic party was seated; and, the morning repast being finished, Mariana reminded her brother of his promise to give them some account of German literature, and particularly of the lay of the Niebelungen. Let us, kind reader, listen to their discourse; for we, perhaps, may gather from it both amusement and instruction.

FILMOT. I must tell you, at the outset, dear sister, that I claim but a limited knowledge of the lore into which you inquire. The regions which we are about to enter have been justly called, even by a German, "cloud land, gorgeous land;" and we must divest ourselves of many prepossessions in order to seize the essential spirit of the German mind, and to appreciate what will be presented for our contemplation. German literature, which now begins to attract the notice of the world, has had for centuries a domain of its own. Magnates have ruled in it; stars have risen and set in its firmament; a meridian sun has illumined it; and, again, Cimmerian darkness covered it, till a new light began to dawn—a light whose brightness has increased up to the present time, and adorned it with all the tints of the rainbow. Of much of this literary development and progress, the neighboring nations

were for a long time as ignorant as of the transactions of the Celestial Empire. Germany was known to the world only as a nation of rude warriors and plodding boors.

MARIANA. That accounts for the query of Pere Bonhours, "*Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit.*"

KARSH. It may account for it, miss; but you will not contend that it justifies the ignorance of the good father. Before a man makes a remark offensive to an entire people, he ought at least to take pains to inform himself of their condition; otherwise he exposes, as in this instance, only his own ignorance and presumption.

MARIANA. It would have required much courage in the Frenchman to go on such a voyage of discovery; for these regions have always appeared to me to be cloudy, sombre, and enveloped in thick fogs.

FILMOT. Not at all; the voyage would have required a little patience and perseverance, it is true; but these would have been rewarded by the discovery of gorgeous landscapes and fairy islands, surrounded, but not overshadowed, by these very clouds which you dread so much. For Germany had a golden age of literature before ours began to dawn; and she can boast of what few modern nations can claim, a perfect epic, such as the Greeks alone can show, at a period which we are accustomed to consider destitute of poetic talent and sunk in barbarism. This epic is the famous Lay of the Niebelungen.

MRS. THORALE. And pray, Mr. Filmot, who was the author of that poem? I always like to know the name of the poet before I begin his work.

FILMOT. I believe the name of the author is unknown. Can you enlighten us on this point, Mr. Karsh?

KARSH. Lachman, who is probably the best living authority on this subject, has clearly shown that the Lay of the Niebelungen is not the production of any single author, but a collection of a number of popular songs, chanted in Homeric style for the entertainment of the people; and so well dovetailed together by the unknown compiler, that it requires the closest scrutiny to detect the seams between the once detached parts. Sixteen different poems are here woven into one—sometimes, it is true, at the expense of chronology (for many anachronisms are found in it); but giving us, in their combination, one of the finest pictures of an heroic age that can be found in any language. The lay leads us back to the very times when the northern pantheon, the old Valhalla, filled with its gods and demigods, had still a strong hold upon the feelings of the people. That pantheon, by the way, contained a world of wonders, more worthy of our study, as I shall hereafter show, than even Grecian and Roman mythology.

MRS. THORALE. Mr. Karsh, you seem quite enthusiastic on the subject of northern mythology. What attractions can you find in those rude and colossal demons of the north? They have always seemed to me the uncouth monsters of Fog Land.

KARSH. I am half inclined to laugh at you for looking at them through a foggy medium, and thus distorting their shape. I am confident that when you become acquainted with the Sagas of Frithiof, of Frya, of Thor, and some others, you will admit that they possess equal interest with the myths of the Greeks and the Romans, and have far less objectionable features. But I must no longer interrupt my friend Filmot, who, I perceive, is prepared to give us some account of the Niebelungen.

FILMOT. The book in my hand is, indeed, the Niebelungen Lied, from which I propose to read some passages to illustrate my remarks. But let me first tell you that this poem has its basis in what is commonly called the cycle of Northern Fiction; a cycle composed of fourteen sectors, or separate poems, some of which contain a hundred thousand verses, some seventy thousand, some sixty thousand, and so downward.

MARIANA. Brother, brother, it is almost noon; and the shortest of these, if we are to listen here, will not only leave us dinnerless and supperless, but will convert our pic-nic into an encampment for the summer.

FILMOT. Be not alarmed Marianna; I shall not volunteer my services as a guide through those vast domains, where I am myself comparatively a stranger. Nor is it necessary that we should plod through them in the old-fashioned way of traveling, since a royal road to the epic has been opened to us through the Heldenbuch, or Hero-book. In this, we find almost all the germs from which the Lay of the Niebelungen has sprung. By relating to you the detached myths, as we find them in that book, we shall furnish you a clue to the poem.

MRS. THORALE. Is that the book on which you handed us, the other day, a French translation?

FILMOT. The same—but the translation is rather imperfect.

MRS. THORALE. If it is the same, we will excuse you from repeating all that is said in it about Chrinhilde and her garden of roses, as well as what refers to the Emperor Ottnit and the Turk, Machabol, with his dragon eggs, and many others. Only be kind enough to refresh our memories concerning the people that bear the same name with the epic, and what is related of their conqueror, who, if I remember rightly, is the hero of the poem.

FILMOT. Niebelungen-land, called also Niffland, or Nebel-land, means, in English, *the land of mist*, and also *the land of obscurity*. Its location has been a matter of dispute among the German antiquaries. Some have made it Jutland; others, some country in the far north of Europe. But, after all their researches, it is still to us, as Carlyle says, a land "far beyond the firm horizon—a wonder-bearing region, that swims on the infinite waters unseen by bodily eye, or, at most, discerned as a faint streak hanging in the blue depths, uncertain whether island or cloud." There the Niebelungen had a *hort* (hoard), or treasure, which, according to tradition, was concealed in the bed of a river and on

its shores, by dwarf demons, who had stolen it from its rightful owners, the gods of Valhalla. The Niebelungen, in their turn, overcame these demons, and took from them their treasure, while they captured one of the dwarf demons, and made him keeper of the *hort*. But the gold, being stolen property, carried with it a curse, which was entailed on each successive possessor. We shall meet with these Children of the Mist several times in the poem.

KARSH. I beg leave to add, that the theory concerning this *hort* is, that the children of the north, finding gold in the river and in the sand upon its shore, traced it to its source in the mountains, which were considered the dwelling-places of the gods, and hence concluded that the treasures must have been carried off from them—and who could rob the gods but the demons? Niebelungen-land was, in fact, only some ancient California.

MARIANA. I am sorry, Mr. Karsh, that you have dispelled my dream of aerial beings by your cold philosophical account of the *hort*. I had already commenced peopling my imaginary world with the various dwellers in that land of mist.

KARSH. You will have ample opportunity for such colonizing, even before you reach the epic, in the description which I presume your brother will give us of Siegfried.

Here their attention was arrested by an exclamation from Miss Keelvay, who was standing upon a bench, apparently listening to some sound, the nature of which she was anxious to discover. Every one instantly became silent, and soon shared her surprise. The music of a guitar, played by no ordinary hand, struck their ears, and a rich, mellow voice was heard singing the following lines:—

"Let Hele's sons at pleasure wander  
From dale to dale, for sword and shield;  
Mine get they not: with Balder, yonder  
Is all my world—my battle field.  
Proud king's revenge—the wide earth's sadness  
I there will not look back upon—  
But only drink the god's own gladness,  
With Ing'borg in sweet union.

"Nay, love! no perils here attend us:  
Bjoern and his champions, all in arms,  
Stand there below, and would defend us,  
If need were, 'gainst a world's alarms.  
Myself, how gladly thy defender;  
I'll fight as now I clasp thee here!  
How blessed bright VALHAL would I enter  
If thou wert my VALKYRIA."

## CHAPTER II.

MISS KEELVAY had been but an inattentive listener to the previous conversation, much of which she had lost by keeping up a fire of badinage with Horace Ross. The mysterious guitar-player, however, had interested her so much, that she ceased coquetting with Mr. Ross, much to his displeasure, and fixed



her whole mind on the unseen minstrel, whose performance she appropriated as an exclusive compliment to herself. This was doubtless the secret of the interest she evinced in the minstrelsy

As soon as the song had ceased, she exclaimed, with great vivacity, "Oh, that must be Dr. Mealy; he regretted so much that he was not one of our party, and wished he could be my *cavalier servante* for the day." Mrs. Thorale with difficulty suppressed a smile at the equivocal compliment conveyed by the Doctor's Italian, but Miss Keelvey did not observe this, and continued: "Do, Miss Mariana, send some one and invite him to join us."

"If Captain Sanker," replied Miss Filmot, "will consent to be our herald, he has powers plenipotentary to summon the unknown minstrel into our august presence."

The captain rose with mock gravity, and, assuming a military attitude, inquired: "Shall I say, Miss Filmot, that a Witenagemote is held, before which he must appear?"

"No, no! captain, who ever heard of ladies sitting in a Witenagemote? You know that the council, which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called by that name, was composed of the sages of the nation; and men in those days, as in ours, never gave us credit for superior mental powers. If you will be Teutonic, go tell the wanderer that we celebrate the feast of Hertha, and that he is invited to share our rural festival."

Captain Sanker went on his mission, and soon returned with a young gentleman, who proved to be, not Dr. Mealy, but a stranger to almost every one of the company; I say *almost*, for Mr. Kursh approached him, and looking a moment in his face, exclaimed, "Develour! how do you come here? I might have looked for you in the saloons of Paris, but certainly not amid the wild and romantic scenery of the Juniata. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to present to you my friend and quondam fellow-traveler, Count Louis Develour. Though his name indicates French extraction, he was born on English soil, being a son of one of the emigrés of the French Revolution." After an introduction to the individual members of the company, the count replied to his friend's inquiries by saying, that he had become weary of the insipid pleasures of Paris, and was now making a tour through a land to which he was daily becoming more and more attached; that in his wanderings he happened to come into this neighborhood, and, attracted by its natural beauties, he had already prolonged his stay several days. Guitar in hand, he had left his hotel that morning to seek the shady retreats of the groves, and, whiling away a few hours with some of the old northern songs, he was summoned to a party which appeared to him, under the circumstances, almost like a meeting of the Valkyrs.

Here Mariana replied, "And to us, Count Develour, you appear almost like one of the Witigans, sent to aid us in our inquiries into the lore of bygone Teutonic days; for we are assembled here to listen

to songs of the ancient minstrels that celebrated the fearful fate of the heroes and nations of antiquity. Pray, what song was that which was the happy cause of your introduction into our little circle?"

"It was the song of Frithiof, who, waiting for his beloved Ingeborg, thus utters his feelings in solitude. After the song is ended, Frithiof and Ingeborg meet, and kneel before the altar of the divinity, where he plights his faith to Belo's daughter."

Here Miss Keelvey remarked, "Mr. Develour, as you come just now from the gay and fascinating saloons of the French metropolis, you must think us very stupid to spend our time prying into the musty records of the past, when it might be spent so much more pleasantly in a lively *feet champeter*, such as I am told they get up so delightfully in the vicinity of the *capital de mongt*."

"Far from it, Miss Keelvey," replied the polite Frenchman, not seeming to notice her barbarous use of his paternal language; "so far from finding such conversations stupid, I have delighted in them from my youth, and have devoted no small part of my time, both at home and abroad, to the study of the history, literature, and manners of those remote ages."

"Then," said Mrs. Thorale, "it will require no apology, if we request Mr. Filmot to proceed with the story of Siegfried, as related in the song of the *Nibelungen*."

"Certainly not," replied Develour; "the Lay of the *Nibelungen* has always been one of my favorite epics."

Mr. Filmot proceeded: "The epic opens by informing us that in the land of Burgund, at Worms, on the Rhine, there lived a royal maiden, the daughter of the king, who, having become an orphan by the death of her father, lived in strict seclusion under the protection of her mother Ute, and of her three brothers, Gunther, Gernat, and Giselher. Her name was Chrimhilde. In her seclusion, she has a mysterious communication with the invisible world, the denizens of which make known to her, by dreams and other portents, the fate that awaits her. Thus, in the very beginning of the poem, she is represented as foreshadowing in a dream a part of the terrible catastrophe of the epic:—

'Chrimhilde, innocent as fair, dreamed, as night whiled away,  
That she a noble falcon mewed, for many an anxious day;  
But soaring, it was fiercely clutched by wrathful eagles twain;  
That she, entranced, must see it torn, did cause her heartfelt pain.'

"Awaking in terror, she relates the dream to her mother, who interprets it as follows:—

'The falcon thou dost foster so, a noble knight will be!  
Heaven guard his life! or, ere long time, he'll die by treachery.'

"Alarmed at the prediction, she replies:—

'Oh! hint not at the nuptial tie, dear mother, unto me,  
For I by every wooing knight would unaccosted be;  
My beauty, as a royal maid, I'll carry to the grave.'

"But her mother bids her

'Reject not so decidedly——  
thou'lt be a matchless wife.'

"The first shadow of the epic action here rises like a thin, small cloud on a beautiful morning sky, destined to grow thick and black, till, pregnant with thunder and fierce lightning, it overshadows the entire heavens.

"At the same time there lived in Santen, on the Rhine, Siegfried, the son of King Sigismund and Queen Sigelind, who, while yet a boy, had performed deeds worthy of the greatest heroes. He heard of the wonderful beauty of the maiden at Worms, and he, the handsomest, the bravest, and the most joyous hero-youth of his age, goes forth to woo the most modest and beautiful maid of the continent. But again a warning, like a spirit-voice, breathes through the poem:—

'And when 'twas told to Sigelind—the queen so rich and mild,  
She great anxiety endured, 'bout him, her gallant child;  
For she well knew King Gunther's court—also his stult-  
wart men;  
All, therefore, tried to turn his mind from wooing there  
and then.'

"But the Siegfried goes forth with rich gifts and costly arms, accompanied by only a few warriors. He arrived before the royal castle at Worms in such splendor, that

'There did the people, one and all, begin to stare and peer;  
Many of Gunther's serving-men ran out as they drew near.'

"No one, however, knows them; no one can give an account of their youthful leader. Then Hagen Von Tronei is sent for, to whom every prince and warrior of renown was known, but he also confesses that he had never seen the youthful hero. But after some surmises, he adds—

'I'm fain to own, though traveled much beyond our Burgundie,  
It ne'er befell, by any chance, that I did Siegfried see;  
Yet will I vouch, on best belief,—not doubting I am right,  
That yonder stately striding chief is he—that valiant knight.

'Therefore I counsel that the chief be courteously received,  
And we deserve not such rebuke, as he deals out, when grieved.  
Besides, his form of finest mould induces courtesy;  
He has effected by his arm rare feats of potency.'

"He then relates a part of Siegfried's previous history and deeds; how the Shilbung and Niebelung, vol. XL.—18

sons of the King of the Niebelungen, fell off, after the death of their father, in an attempt to divide the immense *hort*, or treasure, left by him; and how Siegfried, who happened to pass that way, was chosen their empire, and was to receive as his reward the famous sword, Balmung, which was irresistible, and could cleave steel and rocks. Siegfried made a just division, but both parties were dissatisfied, and resolved to kill him. Siegfried, however, slew both the giants with his good sword, conquered the land of the Niebelungen, and became sole possessor of the Niebelungen-hort. But the dwarf, Alberich, keeper of the treasure, wished to avenge his lords. Possessed of the so-called Tarn-cappe (a cloak which made its wearer invisible), he attacked Siegfried. But Siegfried overcame him also, took from him the Tarn-cappe, and, locking up the treasure in a mountain castle, compelled him to guard it.

"Hagen further relates how Siegfried had slain a dragon, and had bathed in his blood, which imparted to his skin the toughness of horn, without diminishing its softness. Hence his name Siegfried, which means, *with the horny skin*.

"Siegfried is then admitted to the royal presence."

MRS. THORALE. Why is it that a cap or cloak, which makes its wearer invisible, plays its rôle in the legends of almost every nation? The Greeks had it. The Orientals are full of it. The Normans, the Saracens, the Saxons, to say nothing of the Scandinavians and Gauls, all have it among their myths; and yet, of all others, it seems to me to have the least claim to beauty, and the least foundation in natural causes.

KARST. The Tarn-cappe owes its origin, in all probability, to a prevailing faith in the existence of invisible powers superior to men. The good and the bad were under the influence of these spiritual powers; and what more natural than that these powers should endow their favorites with a measure of their own superiority? As man, in the infancy of his development, cannot comprehend the doing of any act without visible means, a cap, a scarf, or a ring is made the material instrument, or "charm," by which the miracle is wrought. And in those days of slow traveling, may not the sudden appearance of a hero, who was supposed to be a hundred miles distant, have suggested to the multitude some supernatural agency, especially if he appeared among them with an outlandish piece of apparel, the use of which they were unable to divine? Would not the marvelous journeys and marches of Charles XII. of Sweden, have given ample ground for such legends to an ignorant and superstitious people?

DEVELOUR. Why need we labor so assiduously to account for these wonders, by making them the mere offspring of superstition, when we have abundant facts around us, as inexplicable as they, and yet, if we may trust our senses, undeniably true? Magnetism may account for some; but can it *satisfactorily* account for all? Is it more marvelous for one man to make himself invisible, than for another, by a few simple material means, to bring before his

allowing-beings his past and present thoughts, and, by a little effort, his future?

MARIANA. You do not mean to say that you believe this to be possible?

DEVELOUR. Not only do I mean to say that it is possible, but that I have seen it done. During my stay with the followers of Shastemundi, and with the Dervises of the Ganges, I was initiated into many of their mysteries, and have been reluctant, ever since, to deny the truth of many things which seem to be mere legends of a superstitious age.

Every one of the company was surprised at the words of the stranger, and even Mr. Karsh hardly knew what to think or say. A profound silence ensued. At length, Miss Keelway broke the spell by asking, not without some trepidation, "And are you willing to give us a specimen of the art which you learned among these outlandish men? Will you tell me the past of my life, and show me the future? Can you do this without any of the frightful scenes which I have read of as the accompaniments of such experiments?"

After a few moments' hesitation, Develour replied: "I can and will do all that you request; nor need you fear the preparations and forms of the experiment. But let me warn you to be satisfied with the past and the present; let the future remain in the obscurity in which it is wisely hid from us."

MISS KEELWAY. No, no; let me see all, if you can show it to me.

Develour then asked for Port, or some other dark-colored wine, and for a goblet, or any vessel with a wide mouth. Both were produced. Again there was a profound silence. Every one was absorbed in strange thoughts. The *Nibelungen Lied* was for the moment forgotten, and every eye was directed to the young Frenchman.

It was a picturesque group, thus assembled under the shade of the primeval forest. The sun had almost reached the meridian, yet so dense was the foliage of the ancient oaks, that only here and there a ray of sunlight penetrated the green canopy and rested on some one of the company. On the trunk of a fallen tree sat Filmot, his book still in his hand, his eye fastened on Develour, and unconscious of the presence of any one else; for he too had been a dreamer, and he still loved to wander in the land of mysteries. Next to him sat his sister, with one arm resting on him and the other on her lap, glancing timidly from the stranger to her brother, and then again at the stranger. Mr. Karsh and Mrs. Thorale sat on another prostrate trunk, on the left of Filmot, he with his head resting upon his hand, while she, forgetting her usually exquisite sense of propriety, gave way to a slight faintness, and assumed a half-recumbent position, with her elbow resting on the log. The Rossos and Captain Sanker formed a little group on the right of Filmot. The faces of all the company were an expression of curiosity, mingled with apprehension. Develour stood in front of Filmot, by the side of a rude seat which he had drawn thither for Miss Keelway. At that moment, a passing

cloud obscured the sun, and gave to the dense shade a darker and gloomier hue. Develour poured the wine into the goblet, which he held in his left hand, then passed the tip of his finger several times around the rim of the goblet, breathed strongly upon the liquid, and, presenting it to Miss Keelway, requested her to breathe upon it in like manner, and to await the result. She received the goblet with a tremulous hand, and did as she was directed. Vapors then seemed to arise upon the edge of the cup, and the liquid, till then clear, became troubled and turbid. After awhile the liquor again settled, and its surface became smooth and transparent as a mirror.

"Look upon the surface," said Develour, who was standing behind Miss Keelway, "and tell me what you see."

Miss Keelway replied—

"I see the incidents of my early childhood in the town of E. My sister and I are playing on the college hill. I am on the point of falling over the precipice, and am rescued by a young man, who immediately leaves me."

"Breathe again upon the wine," said Develour.

She obeyed, and immediately exclaimed—

"The scene is changed. Oh, this is wonderful! The very events that occurred only two years ago, when I was at Green Brier, in Virginia, are all here, even to the running away of the horses. But stop; why does the image of that young man, whom I met again at those Springs, pass by so quickly? Oh, I wish I could stop it!"

Develour interrupted her unconscious soliloquy, and said—

"Breathe once more upon the wine."

She did so; but now her countenance changed, while she continued to speak as if under some involuntary impulse.

"All changed again! In a large mansion in a great city! They adorn me for a bridal party; I am a bride, and the young man I met at the Springs is the bridegroom! We are married;—but what is this? Mr. H. falls upon the floor; a man feels his pulse, shakes his head, and my own image falls beside him: the same doctor feels my pulse and shakes his head. The guests are agitated, and, weeping, they carry us out. A funeral and two coffins! Dead: O God! dead on my wedding day!" and she dropped the goblet, which broke into many pieces. Pale as a corpse, she leaned against a tree, in order to keep from fainting.

Develour stood behind her with folded arms, his features as rigid as those of a marble statue. Breaking the silence, he said—

"You ought not to have broken the goblet; I thought I saw you among the mourners."

"Oh, if you think so, prepare another goblet, and let me learn the truth."

"Impossible," said Develour; "only one goblet can be prepared during the same moon for the same person. So it is laid down by my Oriental teachers; and only three magic mirrors may be prepared by the same operator during the space of a night and a day."

Mrs. Thorale now addressed Mr. Develour, and requested him to prepare a mirror for her.

Develour replied: "I will not refuse you my services to the extent of my power, in this matter; but I advise every one to leave the magic mirror unconsulted. I have never consulted it myself."

Mrs. Thorale insisted, and he prepared the mirror. When he was about to place it in her hand, she said—

"Can you not look into it yourself, and answer me such inquiries as I may make, without telling me all you see?"

Develour replied in the affirmative; and she breathed upon the mirror and gave it back to him.

As soon as he had fixed his eyes upon the fluid, he became pale; but uttered not a word till addressed by Mrs. Thorale. Drawing a deep breath, she asked—

"What of the present? Where are my thoughts now?"

Develour replied: "Vacillating between earth and the spirit land."

Mrs. Thorale continued: "And what keeps my thoughts on earth?"

"The love of abstract thought and a poetic imagination," said Develour.

"And what," said Mrs. Thorale, "of the future? Am I to die young or old, single or married, a natural death or a violent one?"

Develour bade her breathe again on the cup, and then answered: "You will die young and single; not a natural death, and yet not a violent one."

Then, as if to prevent further inquiries, Develour turned to the others and said: "I think we have too long interrupted Mr. Filmot's account of the *Niebelungen Lied*; and I presume that enough has been exhibited of this Eastern art to satisfy all, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than e'er were dreamed in our philosophy."

Filmot replied: "No, no; I have often dreamed of such powers, and they shall not escape me now without a personal trial of them. Let me breathe upon the cup, and then tell me the future; I care not for the past and the present."

Develour bowed, and handing him the goblet, said: "If that is your wish, breathe three times over the wine before you return it to me."

Filmot complied, and returned the cup.

"And now, Mr. Develour, what will be my fate within the next five years?"

Develour looked long upon the wine, and finally said: "To leave your native land; to visit a kingdom ruled by a Nestor among monarchs; to be an eye-witness of the overthrow of that king; to aid in the disorganization of that kingdom; to be looked upon with suspicion by the new government; to return to your native land; to become the involuntary abettor of a lawless mob in one of its largest cities; to cause the death of two of that mob; and, finally, to escape with your life, a cripple, made such by the citizen soldiers of your own republic."

Having listened with profound attention to these

predictions, Filmot remarked: "Nothing is more improbable than that all or any one of these events should occur. I am averse to traveling, still more averse to mingling in a crowd, and deem it next to impossible that I should ever be found in a mob. If, therefore, you prove to be a true prophet in this instance, I shall ever after be a firm believer in the loftiest pretensions of your art."

Develour bowed, but made no reply.

Harriet and Angelina Ross, and their brother, were seated at a little distance during this scene, awe and terror depicted on their countenances; while Captain Sanker, who leaned against an old oak tree, with his arms folded upon his breast, was a silent and evidently a skeptical observer of the exhibition. He shook his head several times during the performance, and a slight curl of his lip made it manifest that he regarded the whole thing as a clever trick of legerdemain. Miss Keelvay had, in the mean time, taken a seat near him, as if seeking, in his society, relief from the feelings of dread and fear that had seized her.

In order to turn the conversation, and change the current of thought which had spread, like a dark cloud, over the company, he said—

"We have ventured far enough upon enchanted ground. Let us beware the fate of Thomas the Rhymer, lest we be compelled to remain, by some imprudence of ours, seven or thrice seven years in these regions. I propose therefore that we return, while we yet have opportunity, to the material world, and to the heroes of flesh and blood. Favor us still further, Mr. Filmot, with the adventures of your knight, Siegfried, whom we saw introduced at the court of Burgund-land."

Filmot, who had remained in a thoughtful mood, was roused from his abstraction by the request of Sanker, and, collecting his thoughts, resumed his narrative.

"Immediately after Siegfried's reception by King Gunther, we find him displaying the rash and reckless character peculiar to the northern warriors of that age. King Gunther inquires of him his object in making so long a journey. Siegfried replies that he has heard of the prowess of the king, and has come to measure swords with him and to overthrow him. The king's followers, astounded at such audacity, seize their swords; but, through the mediation of Hagen, an amicable adjustment is effected, and Siegfried becomes an inmate of the royal castle.

"A full year has he spent there without a sight of the royal maid whom he came to woo, when, suddenly, the Saxon king, Liudiger, and the Danish king, Liudegast, came with a great host to conquer Gunther and his Burgund-land. Siegfried immediately is placed at the head of Gunther's forces, overcomes Liudegast, and sends him a prisoner to Gunther. He then attacks the Saxons, and conquers them also. The battle being over, the heroes return to the castle, where they are received with open arms and great rejoicings. Thus ends the second book of the legend. Some parts of the de-

scription of the battle are really fine; for example, where Siegfried, on the eve of the engagement, addresses his soldiers—

'The Burgund knights were told to bind the banner to the spear,  
And Siegfried shouted to his friends: "Cheer up, the foe is near!

If I do live, before the light of this day's sun be gone,  
We'll give some Saxon mothers cause to wish they ne'er had borne.

Ye warriors of the fruitful Rhine, be bold, and follow me;

For I will lead you to the foe, King Liudger's yeomanry.  
There will you see helm-hewing rare, by most heroic hands;

We turn not till we've met the foe and scattered all his bands!"

"The battle begins, and

'The knights of Denmark, nothing loth, fought bravely in the field,

One heard their blows fall heavily on many a Burgund shield;

And many a broken, keen-edged sword upon the grass did lie—

The brave of Saxony, likewise, did combat manfully.

"Wherever Gunther's knights pressed on, they gave the foe no law.

And everywhere, where falchions flashed, one gaping gash was saw.

The horses' flank and saddle-cloth, dripped streams of living blood;

Right dauntlessly, for honor's sake, the warring knight-hood stood.'

"In the third book, Siegfried has an interview with Chrimhilde. He becomes deeply enamored, and she returns his love. In this book, we also have descriptions of the feasts and warlike amusements of the heroes of old. Meanwhile, Siegfried, like a true knight, deems himself unworthy of such a treasure as his lady love appears in his eyes, and, influenced by these feelings, resolves to return home; but Gunther and his brothers persuade him to remain.

"The fourth book introduces the lady, who is mainly the cause of the subsequent tragedy. The reader is led from Burgund, on the merry Rhine, far over the sea to a northern and foggy shore. There lives the beautiful Brunhilda. What a woman!

'There was, famed daughter of a king, who dwelt far o'er the sea:

With her none other maid could vie in form or dignity.  
Beyond all measure she was fair, and prowess-full I ween,

With wooing knight her hand she staked on cast of javelin keen.

'The ponderous stone she far could hurl, and bound beyond the mass;

Such knights as suitored for her love had Brunhild to surpass.

Three several games the wooer brave must win ere she would wed;

Failed he in one, forthwith was he dispatched by loss of head.'

Gunther has heard of her surpassing beauty and wealth, and determines to sue for the hand of this Amazon, although his brothers and all his friends endeavor to dissuade him from making the attempt.

"When Hagen, who seems to be the Mentor of these knights of the golden fleece, saw that his resolution could not be changed, he advises Gunther to take Siegfried with him. Siegfried consents to accompany the king on condition of receiving Chrimhilde in marriage on their return. Then follows a beautiful description of the industry and skill displayed by the royal maiden and her attendants, who prepare the outfit for the adventurers. We are then led down the Rhine, and across the waters to the strong castle of Isenstein, where the proud Brunhilda dwelt.

"The strangers are received with great courtesy, and Brunhilda addresses Siegfried, in particular, with great kindness.

'Welcome to me, Sir Siegfried, welcome to Isenland! The purport of thy coming here I fain would understand.'

"She seems to know him, and to be pleased with his arrival; and yet, when he explains the object of their journey—

'Behold here now, the King of Rhine, Gunther, the rich and strong,

Whose only object is thy love, which he himself possesses ere long;

With him, on that account, in truth, I left my native home,

Had he not been my sovereign lord, I surely had not come.'

she at once assumes the haughty bearing of the queen, and receives him only as the *subject* of Gunther, without the slightest manifestation of any previous acquaintance. Throughout the remainder of the poem, she evidently persists in an assumed ignorance of Siegfried's real position and character; yet there is nothing which explains the mystery, or informs us when or how they had met before. This passage has always puzzled me; for there seems to be a gap in the narrative, which, if filled up, might render explicable much of Brunhilda's subsequent conduct."

KANSIT. You are right. The filling up of that blank would explain all that appears strange in her treatment of Siegfried; but, in order to fill it up, we must have recourse to the Volsungs-saga, or Legend of the Volsung, where we find an account of the adventures of Siegfried previous to his acquaintance with Gunther. I will relate them as they are found there; but I shall be obliged to bring forward with them several of those foggy monsters (as Mrs. Thorale calls them) that belong to the mighty northern pantheon.

(To be continued.)

## THE ORPHAN FAMILY.

BY SARAH HEPBURN HAYES.

Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength—Farewell.—HEMANS.

Mrs. BRUCE was a widow who had recently been bereaved of her husband, and the mother of six children, the eldest not above fourteen years of age. Her place of residence was a small two story house, in the outskirts of a little country village. This, with the adjoining garden, was her only property. All the surplus earnings of her husband's life of toil had been, with scrupulous exactness, invested here; and she could never forget the smile, half serious, half playful, which animated his face when, on entering his dwelling one evening, a few weeks before his death, he told her—

"I have this evening made the last payment on the house. It is now ours; and it is said, if a widow is left with a house over her head, she can get along; so, should I die to-morrow, I suppose I need feel no apprehension with regard to your future circumstances."

This was uttered jestingly; and who that looked on the stalwart frame and iron sinews of that strong man, could have supposed that, smitten by disease, in a few weeks the places which knew him then

should know him no more; and that, although unconscious of it, the fearful shadow was already hanging over him. He was a poor man, and had earned by the sweat of his brow the bread which fed his destitute mother (who lived with him), his wife, and a family of six children. Nor did he repine at his lot or imagine it a hard one; he had health and strength, was active and industrious, and it was sweet to labor for those he loved. And when, in the evening, he returned from his work, and his children ran to meet him—a loving contest among them as to who should hold his hard hand—and he caught his wife's placid smile as she stood at the door, with her arms folded across her breast, awaiting his coming, he sometimes felt that his cup of happiness was filled even to overflowing; and was more grateful to the God who conferred upon him these blessings, than he to whose luxuries and enjoyments every quarter of the globe has been taxed to contribute. Although a poor man, as we have said, his obituary notice would have told you he was a kind husband and a tender father; nor was it

any wonder his widow mourned as one who could not be comforted. In the first frantic ebullitions of grief, she seemed to question the justice of the Almighty himself. "What have I done," she would exclaim, in tones of piercing anguish, "that I should be thus sorely visited?" Long had her aged pastor knelt and prayed, oft had he wept, and frequent had been his teachings ere he could bring the rebellious lips to utter, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." At the time of which we write, she sat at the window, looking into the gray and pensive light of a waning autumn day, watching the sere brown leaves as they fell rustling to the earth, and listening to the moaning wind! Nature seemed to participate so much in the melancholy of her feelings, that her heart felt soothed and comforted, while her tears fell thick as rain-drops. The fire burned cheerily upon the clean-swept hearth; but she noted it not. The mother-in-law, who had stifled her own grief in order that she might administer comfort to one who appeared to stand so sorely in need of it, had placed the little ones in their cots, and resumed her knitting; but still the disconsolate one took no notice.

"Grandmother," at length said Martha, the eldest child, a mild, pensive-looking girl of fourteen, "I met the pastor's lady to-day, and she says since her last child is married she feels so lonely, that if mother and you can spare me, she will take me to her house and give me some more schooling, besides putting me in a way to earn a respectable livelihood. And Mr. Warner, who chanced just then to be passing, stopped to say that he needed a boy to run errands and do some little jobs about the farm, and, if Freddy could be spared, he would like to have him. They will both call to-morrow to see about it."

The grandmother clasped her withered hands together with joy and thankfulness while Martha thus spoke, and replied—

"It has been my earnest prayer, ever since the death of your dear father, that God would have us in his holy keeping; and, lo! my children, I am already answered. There will be two less to provide for, which, in our straitened circumstances, is a great matter; and your earnings will go towards assisting those more helpless than yourselves."

Freddy, who was now twelve years old, was sitting on the wide hearth, engaged in mending a fishing-net by the light of the fire. Boy like, he had been whistling over his work until his sister spoke, when he was instantly attentive; and, as he now raised the heavy dark lashes which shaded his bright hazel eyes, they were misty with tears.

"Oh, grandmother," said he, "I must leave school; but I should not mind that, if I were only old enough to support you all by my labor."

"You will be old enough to do a great deal towards it in a few years, my dear boy. In the mean time, I bless God for the warm, affectionate heart which beats in your young bosom, and that you are likely to find a place with a man like Mr. Warner, who will in all respects set you a good example."

This short conversation, upon a topic so deeply

interesting, had been sufficient to arouse the attention of the mother of the children, who gave evidence of its having done so by wringing her hands; while she exclaimed, with a voice of passionate lamentation—

"Oh, mother, how can you speak with so much composure of parting with the children? Well may I say, if I am deprived of my children, I am indeed bereaved."

"It is a trial, I acknowledge, my daughter," replied the old lady; "but how thankful should you be that they have a prospect of being placed where they will still be, in a manner, under your own eye. How light are your afflictions, compared with those of my poor friend Mrs. Neville. And I would you possessed her unwavering confidence in the just and righteous providence of God."

Old Mrs. Bruce was one of that much-abused class—a husband's mother. But wisely had her son thought, and taught his family to feel, according to the beautiful Irish saying, "A mother's breath's a blessing in a house." And here let me pause one moment to observe that bitter, indeed, is oftentimes the lot of her who is entirely dependent upon the bounty of a son for support; is forced to make her home with a woman upon whose affection she has not the claim of blood. In the family circle, how many are the slights she is obliged to pass unnoticed; how many a galling taunt and covert sarcasm is she forced to swallow with submission! How slender is her wardrobe; and how sorely does she strive to repair it rather than ask for necessities so grudgingly bestowed! How are her virtues underrated and her faults magnified; and when, notwithstanding all her efforts to render herself useful, she discovers that her child, for whose welfare she would yield up her life, considers her in the way, and looks upon her with coldness and distrust, with what a crushed and longing spirit does she yearn for the quiet of that narrow house where the weary are for ever at rest. This, as we have before said, was not the case in Mr. Bruce's family; he loved and respected his mother, and, whatever might have been the feelings of his wife at the time of her marriage, she was soon influenced by his example to love and respect her also. Old Mrs. Bruce was one of those truly noble characters so frequently met with among the middle class of American women. Possessed of fervent piety, combined with the most indomitable energy and great strength of intellect, her influence in the family of her son was unbounded; her words were considered as oracles, and a constant emulation was excited among the junior members to render themselves worthy of her approbation; and she was obeyed and referenced more through love than fear. Begging the pardon of the reader for this digression, we will now continue the conversation where we left off.

"I have often heard you speak of the trials of your friend Mrs. Neville, grandmother," said Martha; "and, after I have lighted the lamp and got my work, I wish you would fulfill a promise you made

me a long time since, and tell us something concerning her. Perhaps mother would feel some interest in it?" and Martha cast a hopeful yet tearful glance towards her parent, who only turned with a more resolute expression of wretchedness towards the window.

"I will do as you wish, my dear," said the grandmother, "as this time is probably as fitting as any other to fulfill my promise. Come, Freddy, you may bring your net to the light; you also can attend to what I am going to say;" and, without further preface, the old lady commenced.

"It is now many years ago, my children, when I was quite a young woman, and your father, Freddy, was less than you are at present, that we lived in a village more than a hundred miles from here. It was a very pretty village, situated on the bank of a broad, beautiful stream, which added much to the fertility and loveliness of the whole country through which it passed. We had not always dwelt in so pretty a place; but your grandfather, thinking it would be better for his business, concluded to take up his abode there. About the time we removed, another family took a steerage passage in a vessel bound from Ireland to this country. There were seven of them altogether—the father, mother, and five children. Their home had hitherto been a cabin, with a mud floor. A Bible, an iron pot, and a few wooden stools constituted their furniture; while their fare consisted of the scanty supply of milk afforded by one ill-fed cow, with a few potatoes. Willing to labor, yet finding wages so low that they were often obliged to go both weary and hungry to bed, they concluded, after many struggles, to leave kindred and friends and come to America. How often, when speaking of this unhappy country, is the sentence 'Why don't they emigrate?' uttered with the greatest indifference. But to a warm Irish heart, this is often a severe trial. They are taxed, we might almost say, for the very air they breathe; yet how fondly they still cling to the soil of that island home, where nature *must* smile in spite of oppression; where the dust of their kindred repose; where are more loving hearts and words of warmer greeting than are to be met with elsewhere. No wonder the Irishman loves his country, crushed, trampled upon as she is. Her soil is among the most fertile, her sons among the noblest, and the language of even her rudest children the most poetical of any on earth. Oh, Ireland, fair Ireland, would we might yet live to see thee take thy proper place among the nations; to see the period approach when thy children will not be forced to seek in other countries the bare sustenance denied them at home. The Nevilles, after many struggles to obtain means sufficient to defray the expenses of a passage, and after borrowing from several neighbors small sums, which they promised to repay with interest, found themselves in the steerage of a vessel on their way to this land of promise. I will pass over the first few weeks of their arrival—strangers on a strange soil. Suffice it to say, that some one directed them to our

village as a place where they could likely find steady employment. And here, one evening in early spring, cold, hungry, and penniless, they arrived. My husband, contrary to his usual custom, chanced to be abroad on that evening; and, as he was a devout believer in that blessed word which teaches that we may sometimes entertain angels unawares, on hearing the landlord refuse to keep them on account of their inability to pay, he brought them all home with him. I confess, I was taken a good deal by surprise at this unusual act; but, as it was his pleasure, I bade them welcome; and the heartfelt blessing which the poor strangers asked over the meal we prepared for them went far towards prepossessing me in their favor. The man, his wife, and the two little girls we accommodated in the house, while the three boys found lodgings among the fragrant hay in the well-stored mow. These people, my children, were not particularly attractive as far as appearance was concerned; they all appeared healthy and good-humored, and the little ones seemed uncommonly well-mannered for children in their rank of life; but still I was in some way unaccountably interested in them; and I have since thought God permitted this feeling in order that I might bestir myself in behalf of those who were undoubtedly his followers. At any rate, we were willing to accommodate them a few days until something could be done for them; and, at the expiration of that time, a quiet-looking little cottage, with a willow tree before the door, standing just across the brook, was procured for them. I parted with several articles of furniture I could spare, in order to assist them in fitting out their new home; and my efforts among my neighbors procured them many other gifts of the same description. And now how happy was Mrs. Neville. Her husband had steady employment given him on a farm near by; her two eldest boys, of the ages of twelve and thirteen, both obtained good places; while the youngest boy, with the little girls, aged ten, eight, and six, were kept at home, where they were generally as busy as bees, for their mother held idleness to be the parent of all evil. I have often, on going in, been struck with the picture of neatness and humble contentment their small kitchen presented. The furniture was of the coarsest and most common description, yet scrupulously neat and clean. Here the family were generally found, pursuing their evening avocations, seated before the quiet blaze of their own fireside; and truly, where its comforts are properly appreciated, there is nothing gives the heart a finer or more touching idea of enjoyment than this same calm, domestic light. Evening, too, is the period of time which may truly be called the poor man's season of enjoyment; the implements of daily labor are laid aside, and it is then he may rest his wearied limbs and enjoy the prattle and playful wiles of his children, whose caresses sometimes lead him to forget the bitterness of his lot. The Nevilles were poor, very poor; the money they had borrowed from friends in Ireland, they had obli-



gained themselves to return, and they were straining every nerve to accomplish this. It was ten months before they were able, by their united labor, with practicing the most rigid self-denial, to realize this amount. At length, however, the sum was raised; and a benevolent gentleman inclosed and forwarded it in such a manner as it would be sure to reach its destination. They had, however, barely felt their minds relieved in this particular, when Mr. Neville was laid upon a bed of sickness. He had, perhaps, overworked himself and taken cold. His disease was inflammatory rheumatism. He lingered for a month, oftentimes suffering greatly; and then, after commending his wife and little ones to the care of that God who is the protector of the widow and the fatherless, strong in the hope of a blissful immortality, he died. As I told you before, my children, the Nevilles were pious people; and I could not but notice, in their mode of expression, a degree of intellectual refinement peculiar to those who make the Holy Scriptures an habitual study. On the evening of the day Mr. N. died, I called at the house. I had been much with the widow during her affliction, and she seemed to regard me in the light of an attached friend—as, indeed, I was. I found her sitting beside the corpse; she was, to all appearance, composed, yet I observed that tears were slowly and silently trickling down her cheeks.

“‘This is a heavy stroke, my poor friend,’ said I.

“‘Oh, Mrs. Bruce,’ replied she, now sobbing aloud, ‘it is the heaviest stroke I could have been called to meet; but, in the midst of the distress which poor human nature must feel under such a bereavement, I strive to remember that the blow is dealt by a Father’s hand, who does not willingly afflict his children.’

“‘We are not forbidden to weep,’ I answered, ‘provided we do not do so in a rebellious spirit. The grave of a friend was hallowed by the tears of our blessed Redeemer himself; and he who took upon him the likeness of man, knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.’

“‘True,’ she replied; ‘my humble petition is that I may be resigned to his holy will. Yet when I think of the struggling poor Robert and I have had; of the sorrow, and hunger, and cold we have endured together, and now, just when there was a prospect of getting along comfortably, that he should be taken, my heart is like to break. ‘The deep sea,’ she continued, ‘is between me and every other earthly friend; yet let me not forget’—she added, after a moment’s pause, looking up with a glance of holy devotion—‘let me not forget that I have one in Heaven more powerful than all.’

“‘You will observe, my children,’ said Mrs. Bruce, as she came to this portion of their discourse, ‘the unwavering faith which this poor woman possessed. She was a stranger in a strange land; there was no one upon whom she had any claim; yet I never heard her utter one repining word, or wonder how she was to get along without the assistance of her husband, there was so little

selfishness in her grief. And although tears must flow at these sad Sunderings of beloved ties, yet, when she did indulge in this outward exhibition of distress, she would almost immediately dry them, and give utterance to something which would discover how entire and unchanging was her trust in God. I was a great deal with her, and, I must say, after the last sad duties were performed, I was astonished to see how energetically she set to work in order to support herself and her children. Her husband had often told me that all the fortune his wife had brought him was her religion, her energy, and her steady habits of industry, and that these had proved the blessing of his life. Now, too, she found ample exercise for these estimable qualities, and it was surprising how she could turn her hand to anything that offered; and, indeed, with the assistance the children were able to afford her, they managed to live very comfortably. Things went on in this way for several months, when one day one of the little girls came over to tell me her mother was very sick and wished to see me. A press of work had kept me in the house for a week, and I had not seen her in this time; but as soon as possible I went over. She was lying on a low, clean bed in one corner of the kitchen; and I was at once struck with her appearance, for I plainly perceived, from her emaciated countenance, that her day of life was fast drawing to a close. I cannot describe this peculiar appearance to you; but a person accustomed to sickness can, it seems to me, immediately detect it. I had no sooner set my eyes on Mrs. Neville, than I was startled by this expression.

“‘You are very ill. Why did you not send for me before?’ I asked, in astonishment.

“‘I knew you were busy, and my other neighbors have been kind,’ she replied. ‘But I sent for you this evening, because I somehow feel that I shall not recover, and I wished to see you before I die.’

“‘Dio! Dear, dear mother, do not talk of dying,’ cried the youngest little girl, throwing herself upon the bed beside her mother and bursting into tears. The boys—who were living out, but came home to stay at night—were standing on the hearth with their sisters. I noticed they all began to weep when their mother said this. Mrs. Neville, however, did not appear to notice them, further than to stroke with her hand the hair of the little one beside her, but continued:—

“‘I have long felt very weak and feeble, and have had a sad pain in my breast; but I did not complain, as I thought it would be of no use. The doctor says the cold I caught a week or two since has produced inflammation, which, he fears, may terminate seriously; and, if it were not for my children, Mrs. Bruce, I could welcome death as a messenger sent but to conduct me to my heavenly home.’

“‘You must not speak of dying, my friend,’ said I, with difficulty restraining my tears as I looked at the weeping little ones, who, I doubted not, were soon to be orphans indeed; ‘you must not speak of dying; we will get the best medical aid for you.’

"*Sho shock her head, as much as to say it would be of no use; but did not make any further objection to the arrangements made for her. Dear woman, from this time to the end of her life (she lived but a week), every moment I could spare from my own necessary duties was devoted to her. How much she seemed to love me, and with what affection her eyes used to follow me as I busied myself for her comfort.*

"*God will surely reward you for your kindness,' she would sometimes say; 'for if, in the last day, he remembers the food, the raiment, the cup of cold water given to the least of his disciples, he will not forget your charity to one who, I trust, may style herself among the humblest of his followers.'*

"*And, my children," said Mrs. Bruce, here wiping her tears, "may I not be said to have had, even in this world, a rich return for what I did for her, in thus having a home provided for me in my old age with your dear father; and now, when he is gone, still living in his family, and being happy in the dutiful behavior, the love, and respect of his children. But to return to Mrs. Neville. She became gradually weaker and weaker; but, as her bodily strength wasted away, her faith grew brighter and stronger.*

"*'If it should please Providence to take you,' said I to her one day, 'what disposition do you wish made of your children?'*

"*'I have nothing to say with respect to them,' she answered; 'I intend leaving them entirely in the care of God. He has said, in his Holy Word, 'Leave your fatherless children to me;' and I feel that I can fearlessly repose this trust in him. Robert, when dying, committed us to his holy keeping; and how well were we provided for. Friends were raised up for us where we least expected them; and why should I distrust him now? Surely, he who provides for the young ravens when they cry, will not suffer my helpless orphans to want.'*

"*In this way, her faith continued steadfast unto the end. Her last act in this world was to call these weeping little ones to her bedside; and, with her own hand pressed upon each young head, she committed them, individually, in fervent prayer, to the watchful care of an ever-present God. She had not attempted to enlist our sympathies for them; and she died triumphantly, leaving them destitute and friendless, with the exception of the few who were interested in them on account of their parents. You have lately, my children, beheld the form of your father, cold and insensible to your tears and caresses, and have watched, with sobs and lamentations, his dear form consigned to the silence of the tomb; therefore I will not pain you by describing the funeral of Mrs. Neville, or the heart-breaking grief of her children on committing the remains of their last friend to the dust. Nor will I portray their distress when they were compelled to separate and make their home among strangers; but it affords me pleasure to be able to tell you, my dears, that there were many willing and eager hands, stretched even across*

*the grave of their mother, to offer them a home. For our part, we took two, the youngest boy and girl, and brought them up as our own. Robert, the eldest, obtained a situation with a merchant, who, hearing the particulars of their history, became interested in them. He rose from one step to another, and finally became a partner in his business. He is now a wealthy and respected man. The other boy was also adopted and brought up in much better circumstances than they had any reason to expect. He, with his younger brother, has also lived to become respectable and prosperous. As for the two girls, the elder married well; while the one that grew in health and beauty by our fireside, the mother's darling, her lot has been cast in the valley of the great West. There, amid the far-stretching forests, on a farm which in Europe might be called a principality, a wife and mother, she is spending her days in the enjoyment of all that heart can desire. I have now done with the history of this family; yet I would have you observe how fearlessly Christian parents may repose upon the strength of the promises of Him who holds the hearts of all men in his hand. The skeptic may laugh and the worldling may sneer, but an appeal may confidently be made to those who have noted the dealings of Providence as to whether any who have trusted in him have been confounded. These children (for we have drawn no fancy sketch) were homeless, destitute, and without surviving kindred, their only inheritance the guidance and protection entreated for them in the fervent prayers of pious parents, yet how infinitely better was this than houses or land. God did more for them than earthly parents could have done, and exemplified in them how confidently a Christian's orphan may repose upon his assurance, 'When thy father and mother forsake thee, I will take thee up.'*"

*During the telling of this little narrative, the attention of the widowed Mrs. Bruce had gradually been aroused. In mentally contrasting her situation with the subject of it, she saw how infinite were the mercies she yet enjoyed, and how ungrateful and wicked her heart had been in thus openly rebelling against the righteous decrees of her Creator. She groaned in anguish, but it was at the recollection of her own sinfulness. From this time forth her grief assumed a more chastened aspect. She wept, for*

*"Tears befit earth's parting;"*

*and the bereaved are permitted these tokens of sorrow; but there was now no rebellious murmurings mingled with her tears. She reposed more trustfully upon the Rock of Ages, and learned, with prayerful confidence, to look forward to a happy reunion with the beloved of earth in that world where separation is unknown. As for her children, they proved living attestations of the truth of the promise, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."*

# THE SURPRISE PARTY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate.)

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, and their two daughters, Helen and Alice, were sitting one evening in January enjoying a new book, which one of the latter was reading aloud, when a ring was heard. The reader paused, and, for a few moments, they remained listening and expectant. A servant went to the door.

"Are the ladies at home?" was heard asked, in a man's voice.

Then a movement, as of two or three persons entering, was noticed.

"I wonder who they are?" said Alice.

"Some one has gone up stairs," remarked Mrs. Atherton, who had been listening. "You'd better go and see who it is, Helen."

The daughter was about rising to do as her mother had suggested, when one of the parlor doors opened, and a young gentleman, dressed with great care, presented himself.

"Mr. A.—! How are you this evening? I'm very happy to see you!" said Mr. Atherton, advancing to meet the young man and welcoming him cordially.

The others greeted him in return, and he then took a seat among them.

"I'm sure some persons went up stairs," said Mrs. Atherton, speaking aside to Helen.

"True. I heard them plainly," And Helen retired from the room. As she came to the foot of the stairway in the passage, she was a little surprised to find a light in the room which opened from the first landing, and to perceive, through the half-opened door, the figures of two or three persons moving within. She went up quickly and entered. Three young girls, intimate acquaintances, were there, all tastefully dressed, and displaying a profusion of ornament.

"Why, Anna!—Jane!—Cordelia!" fell from the lips of Helen, as she grasped a hand of each in succession and exchanged salutations. Then there came a pause. Helen's countenance assumed a quick, thoughtful air; while her young visitors were full of life, and every nerve quivering in anticipated pleasure.

"Walk down into the parlors," said Helen. "Father, and mother, and sister are there."

As they were leaving the room, Helen's eyes rested upon the lamp that burned upon a table. It was a small, fancy, gilt lamp, and had never before been seen by her. She noted the fact, but her mind was too much excited at the moment to reflect upon so singular a circumstance.

The appearance of the three rather elaborately dressed young ladies, as an addition to the family party below, very naturally created some surprise, and disturbed the mental equilibrium of those in the parlor. But the Athertons were well-bred people, and not easily thrown off of their guard by anything *mal-approprios*. The social circle widened with graceful ease, and the unexpected visitors of the evening were quickly made at home.

In about a quarter of an hour, the bell rang again, when two more elegantly dressed young ladies, with a male attendant, appeared. They were also intimate acquaintances, and joined the company in the parlor in that familiar, "of course" kind of a way, that mystified the Athertons, who, by this time, began to fear that some misunderstanding had taken place, likely to produce unpleasant and mortifying results. But, as before said, they were well-bred people, and manifested no signs of discomfiture or surprise.

A third addition of this kind caused Alice and Helen to retreat to their chamber, in order to give some little attention to their toilet; and Mrs. Atherton soon followed their example. While this was going on, the bell continued to ring and company to arrive every few moments; and, by the time they descended again to the parlors, a party of between twenty and thirty were assembled there, most of them particular acquaintances, and all perfectly at home. Additional lights were now ordered, and things made to correspond as perfectly as possible with the suddenly changed order of affairs, and with little apparent hurry and no apologies.

A family council, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, and Helen, was now called, in order to fix upon some concerted action in so strange an emergency.

"What does it mean?" said Mrs. Atherton, in a whisper, so soon as they were alone.

"There is some mistake," remarked Mr. Atherton, gravely.

"A very strange kind of a mistake. We've sent out no invitations to a party."

Mr. Atherton shook his head and compressed his lips.

"Somebody has taken a very unwarrantable liberty with us, I fear," he remarked. "No doubt all of these persons have received regular invitations to attend a party at our house to-night, and are here, as they believe, at our instance."

"Is it possible any one could do a thing like that?" said Mrs. Atherton.

"Yes. There are persons who take a strange



### THE SURPRISE PARTY.

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pleasure in annoying others with practical jokes; and the greater the annoyance they can produce, the higher is their gratification. To some one of our friends, who seeks enjoyment in this ungenerous mode, we are no doubt indebted for the affair on our hands this evening. I can only say, that I have particular reasons for regretting the mode he has chosen to annoy us. But as our friends are here, innocently, we must not only do our best to entertain them, but avoid the slightest intimation that they were not expected."

In this all agreed. While conversing, the bell was kept constantly ringing, and party after party of guests arriving.

"I wonder how many more are coming?" remarked Mrs. Atherton, as she listened to a mingling of several voices in the passage, after the street door had been again opened.

"It will be a large party, without doubt," replied Mr. Atherton; "for when an affair of this kind is gotten up, it is rarely a half-way piece of work."

"We will have to procure refreshment," said Helen.

"Certainly. The company are here upon our invitation, as they suppose, and we must give them a suitable entertainment."

"It is too late to provide a regular supper," suggested Mrs. Atherton.

"Yes; that is now out of the question. We shall have to confine ourselves principally to cake, wine, fruit, and confectionery."

"And make a pretty liberal order for that, if the company continues to assemble much longer at the present rate," said Mrs. Atherton.

Her husband did not answer to the remark, but suppressed a sigh that was throwing itself involuntarily from his bosom.

"We must decide this matter soon," suggested Mrs. Atherton.

"Yes. In half an hour or so, we will be able to make some estimate of what will be wanted. Then I will send round to Parkinson an order for ice-cream, cake, and confectionery, &c., for a party of a given number; and to our grocers for wine and fruits."

This and other little matters pertaining to the entertainment being settled, they returned to the parlors and rejoined the company. As Mr. Atherton was entering the rooms, now pretty well filled, he was still more surprised than he had yet been, to hear the movement of a bow across the strings of a violin. This was repeated three or four times, and then a familiar air came from the instrument, and there was a movement in concert on the floor. In other words, a cotillon had been formed; and when Mr. Atherton was able to take a survey of the rooms, he discovered a grinning negro fiddling away in one corner, and the obedient dancers threading their mazy circles in harmony with the strains he was drawing forth.

Here was a new and not so easily explained feature in the affair. Who had ordered the music?

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That puzzled him. But, as he dwelt upon it, light came in. It was only one of the harmonious parts in the practical joke. The individual who had amused himself with sending invitations in the name of the family, had, in the name of the family, ordered a fiddler. So that, after a little reflection, was explained.

Self-composed, affable, and attentive, the Athertons moved amid their company with an easy familiarity, so well assumed that few could have detected, even with close observation, the restless surprise that lay beneath all.

About nine o'clock, and just as they were about sending an order for refreshments, two colored men entered and bore a large basket between them through the passage into the dining-room. Here they made themselves perfectly at home. The tables in the room were set out, and covered with cloths which they had brought with them. Upon these were arranged elegant china dishes, plates, saucers, etc., with knives, forks, and spoons.

"Well, I am confounded!" exclaimed Mrs. Atherton to her husband, as the two met in one of the chambers above for further consultation. "I don't know what to make of it."

"Nor do I," returned the husband. "I confess to being entirely puzzled."

"It is plain that a supper has been ordered by some one."

"Yes, that is evident enough."

"Wouldn't it be well to ask some questions of these colored waiters who have taken possession of the dining-room, without so much as saying by your leave?"

"No—no," replied Mr. Atherton; "we will ask no questions; that would betray our ignorance and surprise too much."

"There is no need of our sending for refreshments."

"None at all. Instead of considering ourselves entertainers, we may as well place ourselves among the entertained, and have no further care for anything."

And so the Athertons acted from that time. It was in vain that efforts were made, through the most careful observation, to detect the master of ceremonies in this singular affair. No one appeared more forward than the others; but all acted in such perfect concert, that it was plain to Mr. Atherton, at length, that some general understanding existed among the whole party.

At eleven o'clock, one of the strange waiters came up to Mr. Atherton and announced to him that supper was ready.

"Very well," replied Mr. Atherton, as naturally as if he had ordered the supper himself, and then gave notice to the company to pass into the dining-room for refreshments. A splendid entertainment had been provided, consisting of all the delicacies served up on such occasions, both light and substantial, with an abundance of choice wines and rare and delicious fruits.

It can hardly be a matter of wonder, that the continued surprise of the Athertons took away all appetite for the dainties set forth in such tempting profusion. They were active and attentive to all during the gay repast, but partook of little themselves.

After supper, the company went back to the parlors. A few more cotillions were danced, and then they all retired. At half-past twelve o'clock, the Athertons were alone. The waiters who brought in the supper had removed everything, leaving scarcely a trace behind them.

"If this isn't a dream, it's the strangest waking adventure in social life that I have ever heard of," said Mr. Atherton.

"I'm puzzled entirely," added Helen. "I can't understand it at all. I never heard of such a thing. Like father, I'm half inclined to think we are dreaming."

"Who could have gotten up the affair, and carried it through so adroitly?" said Mrs. Atherton. "I tried, all the evening, to detect some one a little more officious than the rest, but was not able to do so."

"It was well managed, to say the least of it," remarked Mr. Atherton; "but, being a practical joke, the enjoyment was all on the side of the jokers—I say jokers, for it seems to me, now, that it was a concerted thing; and that all present understood each other perfectly."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Alice, striking her hands together in sudden surprise.

"So it presents itself to me."

"You've guessed right, without doubt," said Helen, as a light went over her face. "Now I can understand a good deal that puzzled me. Well, as you say, it was handsomely managed."

"But, as I said still farther, the enjoyment was all on one side. We had none of it, I believe."

"It was no pleasure to me," remarked Mrs. Atherton, seriously. "My heart was in a flutter all the evening, and it required a constant struggle to keep my real feelings from coming into manifestation."

"That was my own case," added Helen. "Surprise took away all my pleasure. There has been a pressure on my bosom all the evening, and I am still unable to breathe freely."

Alice tried to express what she felt on the occasion, but her lips quivered and tears came into her eyes. Mrs. Atherton, seeing this, remarked—

"Ah, well, my children, let us try and forget the whole affair, or think of it with as little feeling as possible. If it has given others pleasure, let us be content with that."

"I have felt a sense of humiliation all the evening," said Alice, who recovered immediately her self-possession. "No one who had a proper respect for us could have committed a social outrage like this—I call it by its real name."

"It was certainly an indelicate invasion of a man's household. An intrusion within the family circle that nothing can justify," replied Mr. Atherton, seriously.

"And Alice suggests truly, that, in the minds of the author or authors of the affair, there must have been a want of a proper respect for our characters and position. This is self-evident. I have felt it all the evening."

"And so have I, most keenly," remarked Mrs. Atherton. "Suppose," she added, "that we had just received intelligence of the death of a near relative, or were in some serious trouble? How much deeper would our affliction or trouble have been felt!"

"Or suppose," said Mr. Atherton, "I were embarrassed in business, and a creditor happened to go by and discover that I was entertaining a large and gay company, would it not prejudice him against me, and put me in great danger?"

Mr. Atherton spoke feelingly.

"It was wrong, viewed in any light," remarked Mrs. Atherton. "Wrong—wrong! Pleasure is well enough in its place; but when it becomes an intruder, and boldly invades the family circle, the act is nothing less than an outrage."

Such was the state of mind produced in the family upon which had been played off the practical joke of a compulsory party, for the amusement of a set of thoughtless young men and women, whose knowledge of human nature was too limited to teach them a decent respect for the sacred seclusion of the home circle.

On the evening of the party, a middle-aged man was passing slowly along the street in the neighborhood of Atherton's residence. The sound of music and gay voices fell upon his ears, and he paused to listen.

"Ah, ha!" he muttered to himself, as he moved on again. "A party! Yes—yes. Well, I thought he had something else to think of besides parties. And I suppose he has. But—extravagant wife and daughters. Yes, that's the secret. Hum—m—m. Well, if this is the game to be played, a check-mate had better come now, than when there are only a few pawns on the board."

And thus he went muttering on his way.

On the next morning, when Mr. Atherton went to his store, he found a note on his desk. It was in these words:—

"DEAR SIR: I find, on reflection, that I cannot make the arrangement about which we conversed a day or two ago. Yours, &c.,

"D. ADAMS."

Mr. Atherton immediately became agitated. The reason is soon explained. Two or three heavy losses had crippled him in business, so far as present resources were concerned, and he had applied to this Adams for aid in his extremity. Adams had the fullest confidence in Mr. Atherton, and at once determined to "put him through," as he expressed it. He was himself a large creditor, and had already partly agreed to extend his own notes, as well as to make liberal loans. But he had suddenly, and, to

Mr. Atherton, unaccountably changed his mind. The promised arrangement could not be made.

Fully confiding in Adams, Mr. Atherton had sought aid in no other quarter. No wonder that he was agitated when it is known that he had nothing in bank, while notices for the payment of over five thousand dollars in drafts and bills, due that day, were lying on his desk. It took nearly an hour for the almost paralyzed mind of Mr. Atherton to come back to its usual state of vigor and activity. At first, all became dark and hopeless; for he had no borrowing facilities, having in the conduct of his business always preferred keeping it within his own control. But his extremity was great, and it would not do to fold his hands in inactivity and let swift destruction fall upon him. So, after a good deal of earnest thought, he went to work with some spirit, and before one o'clock was in possession of the required amount of money. In obtaining it, however, he had been compelled to make some heavy sacrifices. But this was overcoming only the first difficulty in a way crowded with impediments; and, with each succeeding day, he found himself more and more embarrassed and crippled.

About a week subsequent to the party which we have described, a young man named Bonnel, who had only a short time before commenced business, came into the store of Mr. Adams, and, with much concern in his face, said—

"Have you heard about Mr. Atherton?"

"Nothing very particular. What's the matter?"

"I'm told that his paper was laid over to-day."

"Ah! I'm sorry," replied Mr. Adams, evincing much regret. "But it is what I have expected."

"It is! I never dreamed of such a thing. I thought him one of our soundest men."

"So he has been. But he's met with heavy losses of late."

"I wish I had known that," said Bonnel, looking very grave.

"Why? Does he owe you?"

"Yes. I sold him a pretty heavy bill week before last."

"I'm sorry for that."

"Do you think it will be a bad failure?"

"I cannot tell. I have always had great confidence in him; but that has become slightly impaired. I knew he was in difficulties, and was about helping him through them, when a circumstance occurred that made me decline doing so. I felt that there would be too much risk. The fact is, his family are too gay and extravagant."

"I never heard that charged upon them," said Bonnel; "and I know them intimately."

"It's no good sign," replied Adams, "for a merchant, who is crippled in his business through heavy losses, to indulge in large and costly parties."

"Atherton has not done so."

"Beg your pardon. I happen to know that a large party was given at his house not over a week since. I was about affording him all the assistance he needed; but, when I saw that, I felt bound, in

justice to myself, to decline an arrangement that might involve me in loss."

"And was that your only reason for refusing aid?" said Bonnel, in surprise.

"It caused a train of reflections in my mind, that led naturally to the decision formed."

"You were unjust to him, Mr. Adams," said Bonnel, firmly.

"Show me my error," was calmly replied.

"Mr. Atherton did not give that party."

"It was at his house."

"No matter. He had no more to do with getting it up than you had. It was a surprise party."

"And, pray, what is that?"

"Did you never hear of a surprise party?"

"Never."

"Indeed! They're quite the rage this winter. The particular friends of some family arrange to give them, or rather, compel them to give a party. They fix upon the night—the family being kept in total ignorance of the fact—and go, with their own music and refreshments, and take them by surprise. The greater the astonishment and confusion of the family, the greater the enjoyment of those who go. I planned the party at Atherton's; and, I can assure you, it was a most delightful affair."

"It may have been fun to you; but, like the frogs in the fable, it was death to them," said Mr. Adams, seriously.

"How so?" asked Bonnel.

"You placed them in a false position, and forced upon them the disadvantage of a wrong judgment. On that very day, I had made up my mind to put Mr. Atherton through. He had fully confided to me his difficulties, and I had resolved to help him over them. But, in passing his house at night, I was surprised to find him giving a large party. For a man in his position to indulge in party-giving, was not the thing, in my estimation. It didn't look well. Something is wrong there, said I to myself. And my final conclusion, upon which I acted, was to risk nothing with him."

"Can this be possible?" exclaimed Bonnel, exhibiting much distress.

"It is true, as I tell you."

"I did not dream of such a consequence. It was but a piece of innocent sport on our part," said Bonnel.

"It was a liberty," replied the merchant, severely, "for which there is no excuse on any ground. I can scarcely conceive of a greater social outrage than the one you have indulged. Suppose intelligence had been that day received of the death of a near relative; or some family trouble was oppressing the minds of all; how greatly would your untimely sport have increased the pain they were suffering. Knowing, as I do, the state of Mr. Atherton's mind on that occasion, I can well understand how rudely jarred it must have been. But that is nothing to the disastrous consequences which have followed. Ruin has been the result. An honest man has been stricken down in the midst

of his business career. It is some satisfaction," added Adams, bitterly, "that you, who confess yourself the author of this wrong, are involved in some of the consequences. It will teach you a lesson that may be useful to you hereafter."

As he said this, he turned partly away from Bonnel, who, feeling offended, left his store.

The struggle upon which Mr. Atherton entered, proved too much for him. Alone, he could not contend successfully with his difficulties. After a day of anxious effort, he found himself unable to meet the notes and drafts which fell due, and the hour of three came with his obligations still in bank. Up to that time he had been in a state of deep distress and agitation. But, when three strokes upon the clock sounded the knell of his broken fortunes, and further effort was vain, a calmness fell upon his mind; and he awaited, with a sort of stoicism, the appearance of the notary, into whose hands his dishonored paper would be given for protest. The notary came and went. That ordeal, a deeply trying one, was passed. His reputation as a merchant was now blasted. The apple of his eye had been touched. But he had borne the pain with a heroism that surprised even himself.

This trial past, visions of future meetings with creditors began to form themselves in his mind, and his sensitive feelings were already beginning to

shrink painfully in anticipation, when he saw Mr. Adams enter his store.

"I am told that your paper has laid over to-day," said the latter, as he took the hand of Mr. Atherton.

"You've heard aright. The notary left me but a little while ago."

"For what amount have you been noted?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"How much more will you need to carry you through?"

"Not less than ten thousand dollars."

"You shall have it, Mr. Atherton. I labored under a false impression regarding you, when I declined the arrangement you wished to make a week ago. Here is the money you need to-day." And he drew forth his pocket-book as he spoke. "Get your paper out of the hands of the notary before he can protest it. To-morrow I will see you and arrange the rest."

Before Mr. Atherton could recover from his surprise, and express his grateful feelings, Adams had turned from him and was leaving the store. On the next day all was arranged as had been promised; and the merchant, who had been on the very brink of ruin, and actually falling over, was saved.

That was the last affair of the kind in which Bonnel ever engaged; and the last inflicted on the Athertons. It had like to have proved more than a simple Surprise Party to them.



## THE TREASURY

## THE SUPREME POWER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

"It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might, with equal force and justice, be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the immediate presence of that tremendous Power which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, as the proofs are graven in eternal characters on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface; and which are, also, day by day and hour by hour, at work to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beam seems to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmingled with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation; and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees, opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its clouded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed; and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and

sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense.

But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the sense seems, as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size and form and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which was hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of the convulsions of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks that oozes quietly at his feet; encasing the surface of the mountain, as it cools, with a most black and stygian crust; or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose, a few years since, in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames from the depth of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides, where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark—a mineral fountain, of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible hand of an everywhere present and benignant Power.

## THE YOUNG BRIDE'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

### CHAPTER I.

Deal gently thou, whose hand hast won  
The young bird from its nest away,  
Where, careless, 'neath a vernal sun,  
She gayly caroled day by day.  
Deal gently with her; thou art dear,  
Beyond what vestal lips have told,  
And like a lamb from fountains clear,  
She turns confiding to thy fold.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"INDEED, Laura, you must come and dine with us; I shall take no denial. We shall be quite alone, in our own room, and you need see no one. Urge her, Louis."

"We should be most happy to see you, Mrs. Lawton. I have heard Marian speak of you so often, that I feel as if we were quite old friends; and I was just regretting that our short stay would not allow us to meet you again."

"I never could resist Marian's pleading," said Mrs. Lawton, pressing the little hand she held. "Yes, I will come; for I cannot tell when we may meet again."

Marian flew down the steps like a child, and, as her tall, grave companion handed her into the carriage, he said, "To the Irving House;" and they were gone.

It was scarce an hour after, that Mrs. Lawton was ushered into a private parlor of the crowded hotel, and found Marian there alone waiting to receive her.

"Oh, I am so glad you are come, Laura, darling! I wanted to see you again. I have a thousand things to say; things I could not say before Louis. First of all, let me tell you how good and kind he is. Oh, nobody knows but his little wife how noble, how generous, how charming!"

Mrs. Lawton smiled as she laid her bonnet upon the pier-table; but it was a sad smile; for she

caught sight of the dark dress she was even yet unaccustomed to.

"I have no doubt, Marie, that you think so, and that others think so, too; but how long have you known him? I had scarce heard of your engagement when your marriage was announced."

"Oh, that was to please Louis. He was ill at uncle's last—let me see—last September; and I was there. Oh, he was so patient after he left his room, and I!"—

"Yes; and you nursed the convalescent?"

"No; I amused him, and sang to him, and read, and brought him flowers. I pitied him, you know."

"Sympathetic little soul!"

"You need not smile, Laura; I did not dream that he loved me—I am sure I did not—and then it was all past before I knew it. Mamma consented; and uncle said it was such an excellent match—he always thinks of such things, you know—and Louis said he must not be away from home in the winter, and he could not leave me among the mountains; and though I pouted, mamma and he arranged it all, and we were married thirteen days ago. No; I declare, I have been Mrs. Musgrave—(don't it sound odd!)—two whole weeks to-day."

"And this is the ninth of December. Well, they gave you very little time. You have not repented it yet?"

Mrs. Lawton spoke half-jestingly; yet there was a tone of seriousness in the apparent *badinage*.

"Repented!—O no; and never shall. Why Louis is perfection! He indulges me in everything; he calls me the sweetest pet names; and see how generous he is. There!"—and the young bride turned the key of a richly inlaid dressing-case, and drew forth a heavy diamond bracelet, that sparkled and flashed as the sunlight fell upon its snowy velvet cushion. "Is not *that* magnificent?—and I have a whole set—ring, brooch—everything! It was his bridal gift."

Mrs. Lawton's lips quivered, and a tear fell upon the gems that glittered in her hand. It was not envy; ah no, at least not envy of the costly gifts, which were lavished upon the young creature at her side. But all this while memory had been busy in recalling the scenes of her own bridal, and how she too had looked forward to many, many years of uninterrupted happiness. The second anniversary had not come, when she assumed the sad garb of the widow. It was no wonder that she was sad when she saw anticipations so brilliant, and a heart so full of buoyant hope as her own had been, going forth to meet the harsh experiences of life, and thought how coldly that might fall, and that the sorrow would be heightened by its announced approach.

But she could not bear to check the joyous spirit at her side with the dull croakings of experience, and so she smiled again that same sweet, sad smile to hear the little wife set forth her husband's praises.

"We are going to Washington now, Laura. Do you remember how often we used to talk about it at school?—but I never expected then to be the wife of such a great and distinguished man. Isn't he young to have been in Congress?—though he's older than he looks—thirty-five next spring—would you guess it?"

"And you are just seventeen, Marian."

"Yes; but he's so young in heart, you know, and he never seems old. Now tell me, am I not a most fortunate child?"

"You deserve all your good fortune, Marie. But tell me about his family. Have you seen any of them?"

"Only his cousin Harry, who was one of our attendants. His sisters could not go so far in the winter; they are older than Louis, and live with him. Won't it be nice? I shall have no bother of housekeeping. We go back to Maple Grove in February, and then I shall see them all. Louis says they will be sure to love me."

Mrs. Lawton wondered if any one could help it, as she looked into those loving eyes, turned with eager questioning to her own; and yet—she could not account for it—this mention of Mr. Musgrave's sisters, and their tardiness in claiming their new relative, had somehow made her uncomfortable.

That Marian was loved, and with no ordinary affection, by her grave and stately husband, there could be no doubt. The smile with which he greeted her on his entrance soon after, the glance of undisguised admiration which followed her fairy-like movements, were plain interpreters of an honest heart.

"And now," said Marian, gayly, as a servant announced dinner, "see how I shall look at the head of my husband's table. Must I be demure, Louis?"

Mrs. Lawton looked up at the same moment, and fancied that she saw a shade flit across his face at these words. But no, it could not be; for he was doing the honors of the table with the most finished courtesy, not a moment afterwards, and smiling at the lively sallies of Marian, who seemed filled with

the very spirit of joyousness. Her trials had made her too suspicious; and the young widow wondered if she could ever have been so gay, so thoughtless as her old school-friend now was.

"Heaven bless you, Marian!" she said, fervently, as they parted. "And shield you from the bitterness of my lot," she would have added; but her unselfish nature would not allow the words to pass her lips, lest she should shadow Marian's fair face.

"Thou art just, my FATHER," she murmured, as she walked homeward, so lonely in that crowded street. "Yet why, oh why was I thus chastened, while others are permitted to live in the sunshine of affection?" and then, as she rebuked this rebellious emotion, she wondered what could arise to sadden the light-heartedness of young Marian; for she had learned thus early, that God does not permit unalloyed happiness to those whom he loves, lest their affection should be devoted to this world and its idols.

## CHAPTER II.

So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,  
From beneath her gathered wimple,  
Glancing with black-bearded eyes,  
Till the lightning laughers dimple  
The baby-roses in her cheeks;  
Then away she flies.

TENNYSON.

MARIAN had spoken the truth, when she said she had "amused" Mr. Musgrave. The peculiar and unconscious witcheries of her voice and manner had stolen into his heart, in the wearisome hours of convalescence; and the quiet, retired student, who had passed unscathed the fire of four winters at Washington, found himself loving—nay, actually engaged to a little country damsel, to whom he was a stranger two months before. If he had at times any misgivings as to the suitableness of this union, they were dispelled by the charming gayety of Marian, who, though she had never mingled in the polished circles of the capital, possessed a natural grace and *ladyhood* that could not have been improved by any rules of art.

That she loved him for himself alone, undazzled by his wealth and position, which might have won many a lady fair, he did not doubt. She hovered around him like a bird; she sat at his feet upon a low cushion, and looked up in the pauses of the poems which she read to him, her eyes filled with tears of tenderness and emotion, as she found her own love interpreted in the words of the poet.

Oh, it was a glad, bright dream, that lingering convalescence, and one which the world-wearied man had not thought could chain his heart. So he won her to himself, for he felt that life would be dark if the sunshine of her presence was withdrawn; and Marian went forth trustingly, for what was existence now away from him?

He did not ask himself if he was doing rightly in withdrawing her so young, and so affectionate, from

the shelter of home, to be the companion of one grown old in enjoyment, and wearied of life's busy scenes. He did not pause to test his love, and see if it was strong enough to guard her, even from her self-delusions, when she should be ushered into the world, that wore so smiling a face to welcome her—to bear with her childish follies when their freshness and novelty no longer amused him. He believed that a strong and yet hidden inner life was to make her the companion of his nobler thoughts; but he forgot that patient and skillful guidance were necessary to give this Undine a soul.

She became a star at Washington; her youth, beauty, and position were acknowledged. How proud he was of her as he watched her graceful form float through the dance, while he stood by in serious conversation with his old political friends, and heard half-whispered praises of his child-wife. For Marian there was a constant round of excitement. Gayety abroad, and unwearied affection when alone with Louis. She was rejoiced in her beauty now for the first time; but it was because his wife possessed it.

There was but one jarring thrill to the harmony of Mr. Musgrave's enjoyment. He had overheard a careless gossip upon their respective ages, and for the first time remembered that he was no longer in early manhood. He wondered if Marian had ever thought of this, and he glanced to the future and saw that she would be in the prime of life, while he descended in the vale of years. But he did not dwell on this; it did not recur to him again.

"Dear, delightful Washington, how I shall wish for you, and to fly back again!" said Marian, as they drew near Maple Grove, when that festive month had passed.

"But you are going to my home now, dear child; will you not try to be happy there?"

"O yes, I know I shall be very, very happy. Tell me all about your sisters now—I shall see them so soon."

Mr. Musgrave wrapped the fur-lined mantle still closer about her, and began, for the thirtieth time, to describe Maple Grove and its inhabitants.

It was the twilight of a dreary winter's day when they entered the grounds, and drove rapidly towards the homestead of which she had heard so much. Marian looked out from the carriage window eagerly; but there was little to be seen except leafless trees and delicate shrubs carefully covered from the cold. The sky was dark and leaden, and whether it was that or the chilly atmosphere, Marian's gayety was very much subdued by the time she was lifted out, as if she had been indeed a child, upon the broad piazza that stretched across the front of the mansion. She was weary, in truth, and fearful for the first time of meeting her new sisters. Louis was never weary of dwelling on Miss Musgrave's benevolence and Miss Margaret's sterling good sense; but they were so much older and wiser, and, above all, so stately, that when they came into the hall to wel-

come her, she shrank with instinctive timidity from the formal kisses by which she was saluted.

Nor was this lessened when, after their wrappers had been removed, they sat in a stiff circle around the blazing fire, and Miss Margaret inquired about the roads, and Miss Musgrave predicted snow before morning. How Marian longed to take the cushions from the old-fashioned *fauteuil* in the corner, and seat herself on the floor at her husband's feet, as she so often had done. She would as soon have thought of throwing her arms about Miss Musgrave's neck, or doing any other equal act of insincerity, as to claim her "old accustomed place" now. Yet she could not exactly tell what restrained her; perhaps it was the change which seemed to pass over Louis himself in that chilling atmosphere; let the cause be what it might, the poor little lady sat there bolt upright, and growing more weary, and silent, and stupid every moment. Home-sickness—it was the first real pang she had found leisure to feel since her marriage—was added to her unhappiness. This was her home now, it is true, but how unlike the cosy little parlor at the cottage; and her mother's gentle smile would come side by side, and in sad contrast to Miss Margaret's immovable face, as often as she looked up. Where, too, was the patter of little feet, the sweet murmur of children's voices? She wondered what Willie, and Etta, and Harry were doing now!

Supper was announced. Oh, what a relief it was; and she forgot the awful presence of her new sisters for a moment, and sprang, as she was wont, to the side of Louis. But she was recalled to the present by the look, almost of reproof, which she met; and, sad and blushing, she walked demurely to the dining-room. Here, too, she was reminded that this was not her home. The cheerful chit-chat of their own tea-table was exchanged for dull monosyllables; for Miss Musgrave never conversed familiarly in the presence of servants; and a waiter, who had grown old in the family service, stood as stiff and upright as the ladies themselves behind his master's chair.

Marian was placed near Louis, and Miss Musgrave took the head of the table. Her brother saw the reserve that was creeping over the party, and tried to throw it off by cheerful conversation. But he met with no response; for Miss Margaret was naturally taciturn, and Marian was too sad to respond. Besides, she did not feel at ease with Miss Musgrave's constant anxiety lest she should not be well served.

She begged to be shown to her room at once, as they rose from the table, and Miss Margaret led the way. Everything there had been arranged by that lady herself, with an eye more to utility than taste. But there was an evident desire to make her comfortable, and Marian could have thrown her arms about Miss Margaret and kissed her good-night as she withdrew, in the fullness of her lonely, grateful little heart. But one glance at the scrupulously smooth collar and unvarying face subdued the rash impulse.

To tell the truth, both ladies were colder and more reserved than usual, or than they had intended to be. They had, in the first place, considered themselves very much aggrieved when their brother announced his intention of marrying. He had devoted himself to them so long, and they had reigned supreme in his house so many years, that it seemed positively unkind in him to bring home a new mistress to Maple Grove. Moreover, it was a fresh offence that he should marry one so young and girlish as they found his bride to be. It was impossible for them to yield up authority to such a mere child. In justice to these excellent women, we must say that they were not conscious of these emotions, or how far they had influenced their reception of the young stranger. Miss Margaret thought—"Well, this is a pretty little creature," as she returned to the parlor, where her brother and Miss Musgrave were seated in an animated discussion.

"She is not herself to-night at all, sister," said he, as if they had been speaking of Marian; "and since you make such a point of it, you had better retain your usual seat at the table. I do not think Mrs. Musgrave would have the least objection;" and then they began talking about the estate, and other changes in the neighborhood, during his absence.

Poor little Marian, meanwhile, had dismissed her attendant, and throwing herself upon the hearth-rug, like a child, as she was, looked around the room. It was like the rest of the house—large, and heavily furnished with high antique wardrobes, and dark mahogany chairs it would have tested her strength to move. The fire had burned low, and shed a flickering, unsteady glare over all; and she could hear the wind sighing and moaning with the rising storm, and the leafless branches of the shade-trees strike against the windows. The very bed itself had a gloomy look—it was high, and canopied by crimson curtains, that looked black in the gloom of the apartment, and contrasted disagreeably with the snow-white pillows and counterpanes.

She sat there a long time, thridding her hands through the mass of her unbraided hair, which fell about her,

"Showered in rippled ringlets to her knee,"

and thinking about many things that had never intruded themselves before. At last she rose and moved slowly across the room, almost startled at the rustling her own movements caused, and laid her head down upon one of those snowy pillows, listening eagerly for her husband's footsteps in the echoing hall. But he came not; and, weary and lonely, she could restrain her tears no longer. Marian had not expected to sob herself to sleep the first night in her new home; but so it was, for the shadows on the wall turned themselves in more fantastic shapes, and the dismal sounds without grew fainter and fainter, till she slept—

"Nestling among the pillows soft,  
A dove, o'erwearied with its flight."

### CHAPTER III.

A deep and a mighty shadow  
Across my heart is thrown,  
Like a cloud on a summer meadow  
Where the thunder-wind hath blown!  
The wild rose Fancy, dieth—  
The sweet bird Memory, flieth,  
And leaveth me alone.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE room did not look so gloomy in the morning light; and the snow, which had fallen silently for many hours, shrouded the surrounding landscape in a pure drapery, that gave a peculiar beauty to the scene without. Moreover, Louis, removed from the immediate presence of Miss Margaret, was just as she had first known him, and laughed pleasantly when Marian told him of her last night's awe of that good lady. They went down to breakfast in the best possible temper with each other and the world, and Marian's cheerful gayety seemed to infect the whole household.

"You'll not mind if my sister keeps her old place, will you, little one?" said Louis, as they passed through the hall. "You are hardly dignified enough as yet to take the head of a table; and Caroline would be quite out of her element, if not seated behind the urn."

"Certainly," said Marian, promptly, as she entered the room and saw Miss Musgrave already installed as mistress of the household. It did occur to her that she might have been allowed to decline the post. However, etiquette troubled Marian very little, though she sighed as all her old visions vanished—little home pictures which she had drawn, when Louis was to receive his coffee from her own hands, and chat in the most sociable manner possible over newspapers.

She began to feel more at ease as the morning came on; and when Louis had finished some business which awaited him, they rambled over the house together. His study occupied the western wing, and connected with it was a little room opening with a French window into the garden; and this had been fitted up as the especial retreat of Marian. The furniture of the rest of the house had been unchanged; but this boudoir had many modern elegances that made it seem a perfect paradise to our little heroine. And here she could sit, and sew or read, and watch Louis at his books through the open door. She should never feel alone—and she sat down directly to write a long letter to her mother, in which she described the stately beauty of her new home, and gave a glowing description of her boudoir, from the delicate curtains to the pretty inlaid desk she was writing upon. She did not say much about Miss Margaret, and mentioned that Miss Musgrave had kindly relieved her of all trouble in house-keeping.

And this, in truth, she did. Marian soon found that she was never even to be consulted in any home arrangements. The little instance of taking, without

a question, the head of the table was a specimen, or key-note, of scenes that were daily enacted. To be sure, the little wife resigned all claims cheerfully; but she did not like being treated quite so much like a child.

There was a fresh source of annoyance for poor Marian. Visitors were daily announced, whose calls of congratulations were in reality calls of curiosity; and she was obliged to be introduced to people that she felt cared nothing for her, and new relations who criticised her almost before she was out of hearing. We do not mean to say that the people of Moorville, the little town upon which the grounds of Maple Grove bordered, were absolutely ill-natured and rude; but it was natural when the *eligible* of the neighborhood had brought home a wife from a distance, that those ladies who considered themselves ill-used by it, and their friends and acquaintances, should try to discover some flaw in the precious piece of porcelain thus elevated to a niche they had in imagination seen destined for themselves.

Always restrained by the presence of one of her sisters, Marian never appeared in a natural light. A stranger in her own household, she scarcely dared to offer a return of the civilities extended to her; and thus her timidity was misinterpreted, and she was called haughty and disagreeable—grave offences, with which she did not dream she was charged. Hers was not a solitary instance. Let any of my lady friends, who have gone through the ordeal of an introduction to a family of new relations, and a new circle of acquaintances, ask themselves if they cannot remember many hours of bitterness, when they felt themselves misinterpreted; and would have given worlds for the sight of an old familiar face, or the tone of one in whose regard they felt secure. It is not the least trial in the first year of married life.

At such times, Marian would retreat to her own little room, and give vent to her excited feelings in a hearty "school-girl cry;" and though Louis soothed her gently when he first found her thus, he chided her on a second offence, and was even betrayed into harshness when he found these scenes were of frequent repetition. He called it "childishness," and said she must gain more self-control.

Poor little bride! she often sobbed herself to sleep now, for Miss Margaret had also taken upon herself to give her a lecture occasionally, and Miss Musgrave's looks were enough to chill her at any time. Yet the sisters thought they were doing it all for her good—she must be fashioned after their own model to meet their unqualified approbation. The silver birch might be trained upward to the stiff formality of the poplar as well!

When they came to return the round of bridal visits, and to mingle in the festivities of the neighborhood, it was still worse. Fresh from the gayety and adulation of the most brilliant circle of our land, she entered into the mirth and joyousness of the younger people without a scruple. She laughed and chatted with the young men, and they pronounced

her charming; the young ladies borrowed her capes and her dresses—she was becoming a favorite with them, and, surrounded by more congenial spirits, the natural gayety and affability of her character were unrestrained. At first, Louis stood by, as he had done at Washington, and enjoyed the admiration which she excited; but the difference in their ages, frequently commented on, intruded itself by degrees, and he grew almost angry with Marian for the very childishness that had won him. It was well enough, perhaps, in Marian Cleveland, but Mrs. Musgrave must not bring upon herself the reputation of being a flirt. No one but himself—the wiseacre—would have dreamed of giving it to her.

There was a long consultation with Miss Caroline one morning, and Marian sat alone in her boudoir, dreading instinctively its results. Miss Musgrave and Miss Margaret did not hesitate to complain to their brother now, whenever she did anything that offended their ideas of propriety; and Marian knew that so long and so serious a conversation could be nothing but a rehearsal of some fearful misdeed on her part.

She held some work in her hand, but she was not thinking of it, nor of the bright spring sunshine that looked in from the garden, as if to comfort her. She had been married four months now, and had already seen many

"Darling visions die;"

and began to ask herself if she was as happy as she had expected to be. A sure sign that people suspect all is not right, when they find leisure to ask such questions of themselves. "I should be happy—yes, I ought to be very happy—only somehow Miss Musgrave will spoil it all. I wonder they never found out at home I was such a very bad girl. I don't think Louis would have discerned it if he had not put on her spectacles. I wish they would let me go home and pay a visit or ask mamma here, or let Etta come for a few weeks. July is a great while to wait before I see any of them! I wonder if they miss me"—and then a deep sigh, that fairly startled her Canary upon its perch, so long, so deep was it—finished the sentence.

"Maple Grove is very grand, to be sure; but then it's nothing to me, though it does belong to Louis." So Marian's thoughts ran on. "And the house, it is large and fine, and all that; but there's not a room in it that I should like to pass through alone after dark except this, and I am expecting every day that Miss Musgrave will need it for a china-closet or store-room. I wonder what I *have* been doing now to displease her. Oh, I know it must have been asking Annie Lane to drive out with me to-morrow. Of course she wants the horses herself—she always does when I want to go anywhere"—

And here the meditation was interrupted by Louis himself, who entered the room hastily, and with the air of a man who considers himself deeply aggrieved.

"Mrs. Musgrave," said he, abruptly—oh, where

use the thousand pet names she had so loved? He had never called her Mrs. Musgrave when they were alone before.

Marian was in no mood to take fault-finding patiently just then, particularly as she felt it to be undeserved. She did not answer when Louis told her that he entirely disapproved of her growing intimacy with Miss Lane, whom he considered a frivolous, sentimental girl; and, moreover, he could not and would not allow *his* wife to exhibit herself, as she had done the evening before, in dancing the polka with George Lane—the young lieutenant now home on furlough. Her waltzing he had endured, for there were many ladies whose sense of decorum allowed them to sin against propriety in the like manner; but as for the polka, he had never liked it at Washington, and was utterly amazed, and pained, and *shocked* to see her attempt to introduce it in this unsophisticated country town.

Marian attempted to reply, but Louis had now worked himself to a pitch of injured innocence that allowed of no extenuations. And then she grew sulky, and finally a feeling of anger, more against his sister than Louis, flashed from her beautiful eyes, and burned in her pulses. Miss Musgrave was at the bottom of all this, no doubt; but why did Louis suffer himself to be so blinded by her? Where was the confidence that had once existed between them—the unusual tenderness which had marked his love when she first came to find a home at Maple Grove?

"Home!" Marian echoed the word bitterly. And then an evil demon whispered a mad response to this injustice; and, as it flashed to her mind, she said, while Louis turned on his heel, evidently thinking her properly punished and subdued—

"A thousand thanks for your kind care, sir. But I beg to be allowed to ride and dance with whom I choose, unless Miss Musgrave will designate whom she *does* consider fit companions for me!"

Could he believe his own senses! Mr. Musgrave stood still in the library door transfixed—like one of the marble busts which adorned it. Did those angry, willful words come choking forth from the lips of his gentle wife, who had never even expostulated before? Could that be Marian, who stood before him so resolutely, with a flushed cheek and flashing eyes? What had wrought the transformation? How had he been so deceived in one he had considered the soul of gentleness and truth?

He turned without a word, and the library door fell to with a clang that rang along the halls in dreary echoes. It was the first time it had been closed between them.

Marian thought of this, and the sound came to her like an omen of future discord and estrangement. She was calmer now, and had leisure to tremble at her own daring, unwisely words. Her first impulse was to fly to him, to fall at his feet and entreat pardon. But she hesitated, while her hand was on the door, and a colder, sterner feeling took possession of her. "He taunted me," she thought, bitterly. "It is he who should sue for pardon"—and then she

sat down to her work again, though her hands trembled violently, and indulged in bitter reverie. She felt her heart grow colder and heavier as she sat there, and she wondered at the change which had filled it with wicked promptings. Alas, for Marian, that the good spirit was resisted in its first whispering; she had yielded herself one moment to a darker guide, and the chains of error were fast being riveted upon her.

Louis Musgrave buried his face in his hands, and sat for a long time without moving. Two miserable hearts were beating very near each other, and there was a veil between them for the first time. He too was prompted at first to explain at least—he could not see that any apology was due from him; and then pride came and took the place of regret, and, in the guise of reason, taunted him with a foolish marriage.

"At your time of life," said the tempter, "when you might have married any lady you had chosen, to select an unformed, frivolous child, without intellectual sympathy! and, after you had raised her from comparative obscurity, and endowed her with your name and fortune, she revolts from your proper and lawful authority, and this is your reward. Suffer now, for you have brought it upon yourself; but do not sue for reconciliation—that is her part."

Even Miss Musgrave was satisfied with the cold dignity of Marian's manner, when they met at the dinner-table, and she congratulated herself on the timely rebuke administered by Louis at her suggestion. And Mr. Musgrave was startled at the change a few hours had wrought; for a wounded spirit had shadowed that sunny face with the thoughtfulness of a sorrowing womanhood. Marian was, in truth, a child no longer, and "woe to him by whom the offence came."

## CHAPTER IV.

Experience, like a pale musician, holds  
A dulcimer of patience in his hand!  
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,  
Of God's will in His worlds, the strain unfolds  
In sad, perplexed minors.      Miss BARRETT.

JUNE warmth and brightness had come to the grounds of Maple Grove, covering the trees with a cloud of fresh foliage, and waking to life a thousand lovely flowers beneath their shade.

Rose trees bent to the earth with their wealth of glowing blossoms, and clumps of the flowering almond and sweet syringa sent forth delicate perfumes to mingle with the breath of the eglantine. Birds sang in their leafy coverts, and butterflies were flitting from spray to spray;—heavy, indeed, must be the heart that could not be happy amid these influences; yet the rightful mistress of this stately home longed to exchange it for a little cottage far away, where a few spring blossoms were blooming brightly in the humble garden walks. She sat by the low, French window, thrown open now to the breeze and the

sunshine, and wondered where her light-heartedness, which had made spring the loveliest season of the year, had flown. Her face was far paler now than when we first met her, and the joyous smile which had then "hidden in her eyes," was gone with the light heart. She had commenced to think, to reason, to *suffer* now. Existence was no longer the illusion it had once been: it had assumed a meaning and a purpose. She had been driven to books as the companions of the many solitary hours she had passed of late, and they had taught her, and her own restlessness and unhappiness had taught her, that there was an error in her life that had ruined all her peace. At times, she was gay, gayer than ever; a mad, reckless volatility of word and action that startled Louis and offended his sisters. And then days would pass with but ordinary civility interchanged between that divided household, and Marian spent them in bitter weeping and self-upbraiding in her own little room.

The library door had never been unclosed since the day of their first strife; it was not the only time, alas, that bitter words had been spoken! Marian often sat near it for hours, listening to every movement from the other side, and longing to watch Louis, as of old, at his studies there. But he was cold and proud, and she had watched every glance of those eyes too long not to see it, and this repelled her when confession and repentance struggled for utterance.

She was thinking over all these things that bright morning, and wondering if she should ever be happy again. But she was not alone now, for her old friend, Mrs. Lawton, was watching her with anxious, pitying gaze, and tears that came unbidden, as she thought of the change a few months had wrought.

They had not spoken of it during Mrs. Lawton's brief and unexpected visit; for Marian's pride revolted at the idea of confiding to another—to Laura more than *all others*—her wrongs and her errors. But this morning, Laura could no longer forbear to probe the wound, which she felt was undermining health and spirit, and she did it delicately and tenderly. And then what a relief it was to Marian to tell all! How she had been misunderstood, and humbled, and treated like a child. That Miss Musgrave had prejudiced Louis, and he would not ask an explanation or receive it, but only blamed her; and for the very things he had once praised and encouraged. It was very hard! And then she was lonely, for Louis could not always be with her; and the friends which Miss Musgrave and he had selected for her, were sober, married ladies, who talked about housekeeping and managing children, and all that. How could she be interested in them?

Well, she had chosen some acquaintances for herself, and Miss Musgrave treated them rudely, and Louis had chided her. Then she had rebelled, and had spoken angrily to Louis, and about his sisters, too; and she had resolved to be governed by them no longer. "Oh, if I never had done so!" murmured the conscience-stricken little wife.

"After that," she continued, "I dined with George Lane more than ever; but Louis did not attempt to interfere; we just let each other all alone—that is, Miss Musgrave and Louis never speak to me when they can help it. Miss Margaret is kinder; but then she is always busy helping some poor or sick person, and sometimes she is gone for whole weeks. Then it is dreadful here. If Louis would only scold me, I could bear it better. But no; he is so polite and grave, and looks at me so coldly; and I never saw anything but love in those eyes till we came here."

What could Laura say to comfort the despairing little creature, who was so desolate amid all this luxury and beauty? She saw there was fault on both sides; and, as the memory of her short married life arose, she thanked God there was naught like this to cloud it. Oh, how her spirit yearned then, as it often did, for the beautiful companionship and sympathy she had then known, and she trembled lest Marian had lost it too, but in a living death.

"I am going to-night, Marian," she said; "and I feel as if Providence had sent me hither to be a mediator between you. What has been the extent of your fault, you alone can tell; Mr. Musgrave must answer to his own heart. Perhaps he, too, has longed in secret for the termination of this unnatural coldness. Is not your duty before you as a wife, to confess your errors, even though pride says no—and strive henceforth to avoid what you know displeases him, and to win back, even at the sacrifice of your own will and pleasure, his confidence and esteem? Miss Musgrave has doubtless been acting right in her own eyes; but your cheerful and patient submission to her whims and caprices cannot fail to win her at last. She is much older than you, recollect, and has not usurped authority, but retained it. When you have shown yourself a reasonable, unselfish, true-hearted woman, your part will have been accomplished; and you must trust to a higher power that all will be well."

Poor Marian! it was a hard task set before her; and at first there was little encouragement. On the evening of Mrs. Lawton's departure, she indulged herself with giving way to loneliness she now felt more keenly for the pleasant companionship of the last few days; and as Louis passed near her window as night came on, he saw her sitting there with her arms about Neptune's neck crying most bitterly. It was a sad picture, truly, that loving, affectionate heart clinging to a dog in very loneliness, and the faithful creature looking up into her face with almost human sympathy. Once it would have moved Louis; but now he only uttered a "pshaw," as he reproached himself with having married not only a child, but a *baby*. His unusual sternness checked the confession Marian had nerved herself to make; and, resolve as she would, she could not utter it when the time had once passed.

I suppose my younger and more romantic readers think it would have been much better if Louis had gone in when he saw her looking sad, and, of his



own accord, taken her in his arms and comforted her, and they had "made up," as the children say, and been happy for ever after.

Alas, many influences sway our hearts besides the spirit of peace, and error must work out its own punishment.

Marian was not daunted when her overtures of good-will to Miss Musgrave were at first coldly received; for she knew Laura had spoken the truth, and she had resolved to do rightly, come what would. Mrs. Lawton often wrote to her, too, words of encouragement and hope, that buoyed up her fainting spirit when she was ready to despond, and she had won a reconciliation with her own heart at least, and had now no self-upbraidings to add to her sorrow. She was surprised to find what genuine happiness there was in the mere fulfillment of daily duty and self-conquest; and she could but wonder at the ease with which she gave up her long-promised visit home, in July, when some business required Mr. Musgrave's presence in a different direction.

Indeed, she felt quite rewarded for it by the kind look which Louis gave her when she said, pleasantly: "I suppose I must make myself contented until September, then." And she was almost sure he would have said, "dear child!" and kissed her as of old, if Miss Musgrave had not come into the room just then.

To tell the truth, Louis had expected a burst of sobs and lamentations, for he well knew how she had counted the days and hours, as they slipped tardily by, and had looked forward with eager anticipation to her first visit. Moreover, he was not insensible to the change which the last few weeks had wrought; but perhaps "patience had not had her perfect work;" for while his heart warmed toward her, his sister's entrance put all these feelings to flight.

And now Louis was gone, and Miss Margaret was confined to the sofa with a sprained ankle; and at meal times, and many hours besides, Marian was left alone with the awful Miss Musgrave. She did not fly to her room as she had done the instant dinner was over, but interested herself in that lady's occupations, and proffered her assistance so timidly, yet so earnestly, and laughed so heartily at her many mistakes, and received their correction with so much sweetness, that before Miss Musgrave knew it, she watched for the graceful little form to come sitting into the room, and really felt lonely if Marian sat by herself to read or write. Miss Margaret, too, became loud in her praise. She had never found leisure before to study the character of our little heroine aright, and in many things she found they had wronged her. "She is such a careful nurse," said Miss Margaret, as the weeks went by. "And helped me about those sweetmeats this morning as well as you could have done," chimed in her sister. "And reads aloud with such taste and expression," continued the invalid. "I don't think she has seen Anna Lane for a fortnight, or asked for the horses "once when I happened to want them since Louis has

been gone. Well, she's a dear little thing, after all."

Marian's heart would have beat more lightly (if that were possible) could she have heard this; but she was too deeply absorbed in a letter just at that moment to heed even her own praises. It was from Louis, and announced his speedy return. Besides this good news in itself—for she had begun to long for his return, forgetful of past unhappiness—the formal "my dear wife," he had hitherto used, was exchanged for "my bird," as in those days of happiness, before he had a right to address her by the first title. And then the signature was as affectionate as her heart could desire. There was no allusion to their past estrangement, it is true, but Marian had almost forgotten that.

"Isn't three days a long time to wait, Miss Margaret?" she said, suddenly, that evening.

The sisters smiled to each other, as if to say, "how she loves him!" and Miss Margaret answered, gently—

"Why not call me *sister*, Marian?"

"May I? Oh, thank you!" and she kissed them both heartily as she bade them good-night; though she could but confess that she liked Miss Margaret much the best.

How pleasant her room looked as she entered it. A bright harvest moon silvered the dark and heavy furniture, and "slept on the inner floor." She wondered she had ever thought it gloomy, and how it had happened that she should have been so unhappy in her new home, where every one was so kind to her. And then a gush of thankfulness filled her heart, and she knelt, with the moonlight surrounding her like a halo, and, with hands clasped, prayed most fervently, giving thanks for the kind counsel of a faithful friend, and for the strength that had supported her in her self-conquest.

Oh, how beautiful everything seemed as she looked forth again upon the night: for her spirit was in harmony with itself, the repose of earth, and with its Creator. She had found that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience HOPE."

She sat there for a long time, by the low window seat, thinking every moment she would go to rest; but at last she forgot her resolution; for her head dropped upon the window-ledge, and she slept.

Ah, what a dream of joy! Louis had returned, she thought, and all was explained, and forgiven, and forgotten. He had taken her to his heart again, and she felt his kisses upon her forehead; and there came something like a pang lest she should wake too soon. No; she could not wake too soon; for she found the dream reality. Louis bent over her as she unclosed her eyes, and before she could realize his blessed presence, his arms were about her, and she felt the strong throbbing of his heart.

Marian could not have spoken if life—nay, more, if love—had demanded it; but she laid her head upon his breast, and looked up into his eyes with a

so intense, so full of hope and confidence, that no words were needed.

Louis told Laura, herself, long afterwards, when he found to whom he was indebted for that hour of happiness, the workings of his heart in that absence. How he had traced back each incident of his married life, till he saw how hastily and unkindly he had acted. That he had allowed the opinions of others to have an undue influence over him, instead of judging Marian's actions by the knowledge of her character which he alone possessed. Then came remorse for his long coldness, and tenderness when he thought of her gentle endeavors to please them all for the past few weeks; and at last a yearning to see her, that had brought him home ere he was expected, to hear her praises from his sisters, and to waken her with a kiss of reconciliation.

How fully was Marian rewarded for its delay, by

the happiness of the journey which they made together to the scenes of their early acquaintance, and how often she congratulated herself that her mother had never been a witness or a confidant of her early unhappiness; an experience which she had ceased to regret, for it had subdued her gayety to cheerfulness, and her thoughtlessness had given place to an unselfish care for the happiness of others.

None but Mrs. Lawton ever knew how nearly shipwrecked had been the happiness of the now united family at Maple Grove; and when she came among them, a favorite and warmly welcomed visitor, and saw how this union was daily cemented by mutual acts of forbearance and consideration, she could but be grateful that, while domestic happiness had been denied to her, she had aided to secure it to one so well beloved as her friend, Marian.

# W O M A N ' S   R I G H T S .

BY HADDIE LANE.

"HADDIE," said my Aunt Debbie, laying aside the stocking she had been knitting, and interrupting me in a most animated discussion with Cousin Tom, "Haddie, what do you mean by the words 'Woman's Rights?' They have passed your lips at least a dozen times within the last ten minutes."

"Why, auntie, I was just wishing to exercise my 'rights' as Tom's physician, and I was vowing to give him such a dose of ratsbane as would rid the world for ever of such a pest."

"I am sorry, my Haddie, to hear you speak jestingly on such a grave subject; but get your bonnet, and join me in a walk through the village, and you will find, I hope, before we return, that you have numerous and noble rights. You will learn that which will make you tremble for yourself, lest you should misuse your talents."

Greatly wondering what Aunt Debbie could mean, I was soon equipped, and found her waiting in the hall. As we descended the steps together, I noticed a shade of sadness on her brow, her lips had lost their usual smile, and there was a slight tremor in her voice when she spoke.

"Here, Miss Haddie, I shall want your help: which will you carry, the basket or the bundle?"

"Neither, Aunt Debbie," I replied, snatching up the basket, however. "Where are you going to take me, aunt?" I asked, after we had gone some distance. "This basket is not as light as it might be, and the bundle is of a respectable size."

My aunt answered by leading the way into a nar-

row lane, which I immediately recognized as leading to the cottage of Widow Green, whose daughter was one of my old playmates.

"Really, aunt, things seem so changed since I went to school. I have not heard from Mary Green this many a long day. I expect she is married—the bride of some rustic Ichabod or Peter."

"Haddie, can you—will you be grave for the next five minutes? I promised to tell you of woman's rights, and you should be serious."

She knocked at the door; a feeble voice bade us enter. I followed Aunt Debbie, who walked to a corner of the room. There, on a low bed, lay a wasted form, in whose dark eyes lurked a lingering resemblance to her who was once the village beauty, It was with difficulty that I checked the exclamation of surprise that sprang to my lips; but a glance from Aunt Debbie warned me, and I sat down silently by the bedside. Could that be Mary Green? The rosy cheeks, the laughing glances were gone. "So young to die!" I murmured. "Just my age."

"Come here, Haddie," said Aunt Debbie, cheerfully; "here is an old friend."

A sweet smile hovered on the sick girl's lips, as I bent over her.

"Changed—sadly changed!" she said.

"Yes, Mary, changed," said Aunt Debbie; "but gladly changed, from a thoughtless, giddy girl, to a true Christian; from a proud girl to a humble sufferer."

"True—most true, I trust," Mary answered.

"Haddie, dear, I spoke only of my face. I am about to die, Haddie—I am in dreadful agony sometimes—yet, believe me, I would not be as I once was for all the wealth of worlds. I am far happier now than even in those merry days when we used to run races to the school-house, and wonder if queens were as gay as we. Your aunt, Haddie, has made me a Christian—has told me of my God."

A violent cough interrupted her. I feared that the spirit had flown as she fell back heavily on the pillow; but her eyes gently unclosed, and she was about to proceed, when Aunt Debbie spoke—

"Another time, Mary; not now."

She acquiesced.

Tearfully, but silently, I watched my aunt, now arranging the pillows, now holding a cup of water to Mary's parched lips; then, unbarring the window, she let in a glorious stream of sunlight to the room. Seating herself by the bedside, and taking one thin hand between her own, she read a chapter from the Bible. The words were simple, but they spoke of hope beyond the grave, of the glorious heaven where Mary so soon would be. My tears flowed fast; when my aunt, closing the book, knelt down on the earthen floor, motioning to me to do the same. The golden sunlight seemed to rest like a halo on my aunt's head, as her calm, clear voice uttered the words of prayer.

The thought flashed across my mind, this then is one of woman's duties—of woman's rights. Noble—truly noble! A glorious right, to smooth the thorny pillow of the dying, to point out the way of life to the troubled spirit, to cheer the fainting soul with words of hope.

We left the cottage as noiselessly as we had entered it. We walked on and on till we came to the last house in the village. Aunt Debbie opened the gate, scattering a flock of chickens who had taken up their quarters for the night thereon. What was that dirty object in the doorway? I always considered myself passionately fond of children; but I confess my heart revolted at the view of that unsightly object. Its face begrimed with dirt and tears, its uncombed curls in frightful confusion, it ran screaming to its mother; while Aunt Debbie, seeing my lip curl, whispered, "Shrink not here, Haddie; another of woman's rights."

A woman now came forth to greet us, whose distressed countenance was a sufficient appeal to our sympathies. Three or four little urchins were clinging to her skirts. I coaxed an acquaintance with the cleanest of them, while my aunt was occupied with the mother.

The poor woman's story was briefly told. Once possessed of affluence, she had been reduced to poverty by the failure of a bank, in which all her funds were vested. Sickness and death following close on the heels of poverty, she had been reduced to her present condition. Strangers in the village, they had been literally starving, when a poor woman, herself a recipient of Aunt Debbie's bounty, brought information of them to my charitable aunt.

My basket was soon opened; the children gathered around it, and they made terrible inroads on the cold chicken and bread and butter. When their enormous appetites seemed somewhat appeased, which was not until the basket was completely lightened, Aunt Debbie opened her bundle.

"We must make these little ones look a little more respectable," said she.

The mother blushed as she told us that trouble had made her forget everything.

"Oh, never mind," said Aunt Debbie; "a little soap and plenty of fresh water will work wonders. Haddie will take charge of that little fellow with the long curls."

It was a tiresome task. I scrubbed, and rubbed, and pulled hair most unmercifully, but the rogues bore it all quietly; and when it was over, and they were arrayed in clean, *whole* dresses, what beauties they were! Their mother looked almost happy, with seeing her children look so bright; and when, at parting, Aunt Debbie promised to procure employment for her, and to take the eldest girl under her own care, I thought there would be no end to the "God bless yous!"

My heart swelled as we turned homeward.

"Certainly, Aunt Debbie," said I, "this right makes you feel very happy; though I attribute part of my present feelings to joy at being rid of that basket."

Descending the hill, we came to the school-house. I caught sight of an old acquaintance through the window.

"Is Amy Henry the teacher, Aunt Debbie? That saucy girl, who used to play at tit-tat-to on her slate instead of doing her sums, and make such comical little heads on her copy-book; and?"

"Hush, my dear; Amy is graver now, and would probably not relish hearing of her youthful follies. Shall we go in?"

"O no! I could never keep my countenance to hear Amy lecturing the class. We will stand here; they will not see us."

Amy was bending over a slate, while a little girl stood by her side with a terribly puzzled countenance. There was something so comic in her woe-begone visage, that Amy burst into a hearty laugh, and so did I. Of course, we were discovered, and forced in to occupy that post of honor, the visitors' seat. It was very strange to see that merry Amy sobered down into a pale, intellectual-looking woman. I watched her carefully, as she moved quietly among her scholars. Their bright glances showed how much they loved her; and I did not wonder at it, so patiently and kindly did she smooth away difficulties, so gently did she correct their faults, and her smile of approval was so sweet. She called up her class to recite; and they proved, by their answers, that her labor had not been lost. A brighter set of boys I never saw before.

When the school was dismissed, the scholars passed noiselessly from the room, so carefully had they been trained; but when they assembled on the

green, there arose a tremendous shout. I stepped to the door to learn the cause. They were hurraing for Miss Amy and Aunt Debbie.

My aunt spoke truly—another noble right, to gain the love, the almost adoration of those little hearts; to rouse the slumbering fires of genius; to mould their minds at her will—a glorious right, yet a fearful one.

We left the pale teacher in her now quiet school-room. I wanted her, nay, I urged her to walk home with me; but she smilingly refused, pointing to a huge bundle of quills to be mended, a large pile of copies to be set.

"Duty, duty—all right," said Aunt Debbie; "and then comes the pleasure of a visit from you, Amy, on Saturday, when the children will have a half holiday."

"Yes, Haddie, think of Saturday; and till then, good-by."

"Now, Haddie, for a race to the top of the hill," said Aunt Debbie.

I soon attained the summit, and called to my aunt to follow. We had stood there some time, drinking in the splendid sunset, when we heard voices in the adjoining wood.

"The wood-cutters, John Holm and his son, I suppose," said my aunt.

The sounds, which had at first been those of cheerful conversation, now became louder and angrier.

"Oh! aunt, they are quarreling," I exclaimed.

Aunt Debbie stepped boldly into the forest. Guided by the sounds, we soon emerged from the tangled thicket into an open glade. There stood the two disputants. The old man's countenance was crimson with rage; the son stood with uplifted arm and quivering lip. His glittering axo shone in his hand. In an instant, Aunt Debbie was between them, a hand on the arm of each.

"Are ye men!" said she. "Would you sully this bright glade with an act of violence? Old man, would you strike your son—that boy who was once your pride? Your white hairs should have taught you wisdom. Do not stir up his anger, lest he be too sorely tempted. Son, would you stain your gleaming axo with your father's blood? Remember that he is your *father*. That word alone should secure your respect. But he has toiled for you; his frame has been bent with labor, his hair has whitened with toil for you—for you, his ungrateful son."

The young man's arm relaxed its hold, and his axo fell to the earth. But the old man still grasped his, and his face wore a sterner frown.

"John," my aunt continued, "can you imagine your sainted wife looking down from heaven, and beholding you with arm uplifted against her son, her living image?"

At the mention of his wife, the old man burst into a flood of tears; and, sitting down on the newly-fallen tree, he buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

"Now go to him," said Aunt Debbie, touching

the young man's arm; "go tell him you are penitent; ask his forgiveness, and all will be well."

He walked towards his father, and we left them. As we threaded our way through the thicket, now blinded by a branch from some impertinent tree, now scratched by a briar, now starting at a squirrel, I thought to myself—"Still another right—a peacemaker. Who but woman, helpless, unresisting woman is so formed to glide in gently among angry men, to calm their ruffled spirits, to weaken the strong arm and the hand heavy with passion? Who but woman can show them the noblest revenge—the revenge of kindness? A right so fearful must make every true woman tremble at the thought. Heaven send us strength to use it!"

As we descended the hill, I recognized the long avenue of cedars on our right, as leading to the house of Squire Carlton, as the magistrate was called. I had had many a fine race down that avenue with Fanny Carlton; but I had not seen or heard anything of her for two years. True, before I left my native village for a fashionable boarding-school in a distant city, we two had plighted a solemn promise never to forget each other, and to write a long letter once a week; but amid the busy life of a school-girl and the excitement of new faces and new friends, I had forgotten, and Fanny was too proud to intrude her letters where she deemed herself neglected. My aunt, in answer to the questions which fell fast from my lips, informed me that Mr. Carlton had been for a long time afflicted with the gout; that his temper, never remarkable for urbanity, had now become very irritable; that Fanny had given up her friends, her studies, and her amusements, devoting her whole time to her father, who repaid this devotion with reproofs and harshness.

"I see them, Aunt Debbie," I cried, "there on the lawn."

It was, indeed, Fanny; but my playmate was greatly altered—she had grown tall. Her complexion was exquisitely clear; and her hair, instead of falling to her waist in those careless curls which seemed like a gleam of sunshine floating through the air, was turned smoothly back from her forehead, and gathered into a knot behind. Her slight figure bent under the weight of the stately old man who leaned on her arm. They had observed us, and were coming slowly to meet us.

"We will wait for them here at the gate," said Aunt Debbie; "it is too late to go in."

I assented, and was stooping to gather some of the white violets with which the ground was covered, when an exclamation from my aunt startled me. Fanny and her father had approached nearly to where we stood, when the old man's foot struck against some obstacle in the path. He with difficulty suppressed a loud cry of pain; but, lifting his arm quickly, gave his daughter a blow so heavy that she reeled forward, and would have fallen but for a friendly cedar which stood near. She had been hastening towards us, her face beaming with

pleasure; but at this shameful blow her color faded; an expression of pain crossed her face, and, bending upon me a look in which disappointment was mingled with mortification, she waved her hand and turned towards the house. We stood in silence, as if rooted to the spot. Mr Carlton walked as fast as his foot would allow, muttering curses and imprecations; while Fanny seemed to have forgotten the blow, so tenderly did she support the old man, and so skillfully did she direct his steps.

"Wait a minute," said Aunt Debbie, after they had entered the house; "Fanny will soon be back, I fancy." And scarcely had the words passed her lips, when Fanny was at our side.

After the usual greetings, she reverted to her father's fall, blaming her own carelessness, but without mentioning her blow. She held her handkerchief to her forehead to hide the swelling. Aunt Debbie pressed her to spend the following day with us; but she declined, pleading an engagement.

"But you will come soon to see me?" said I; "on Saturday I shall expect you."

"I am afraid, dear Haddie," said she, confusedly, "that I cannot come at all; my father's indisposition requires my constant attention. I am doing penance, Haddie; I used to be such a rover. But my father likes me near him; and he has so few enjoyments, that I am glad I can help him to forget his sufferings."

A servant now came to inform Fanny that Mr. Carlton requested to see her immediately. With a smile and a half-suppressed sigh, she left us.

"Can this be one of woman's rights, Aunt Debbie?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Haddie. Fanny is learning a lesson of self-denial, of patience; and though it may seem an unenviable right to you to be able to 'bless them that curse you,' we must think of 'the great reward' which Fanny will obtain in heaven."

We had now arrived at the gate of a small frame house. It was a perfect picture of cleanliness and order. A bright wood fire was crackling and sparkling on the hearth, and the burnished tins that lined the walls were glowing in the blaze. The little tea-table was set: my mouth watered at the sight of the bread, light as a snow-flake, the golden butter, and the dish of strawberries smothered in cream. In the doorway stood a young man, whose dress betokened him a laborer, who was tossing a laughing baby to the very ceiling. His wife, a rosy, good-humored lassie, was removing the newly-washed clothes from the line where they had been sunning themselves all day, and was placing them in a large basket at her side. They smiled their simple greeting, while my aunt said a few kind words to the young mother, and praised the laughing urchin.

"Rural felicity, is it not, aunt?" I asked, as soon as we were out of hearing.

"Yes, indeed, Haddie. And what will you say when I tell you this was all brought about through the agency of a darned stocking? I once heard a

very learned lady say, with a sneer on her proud lip, 'To stay at home and darn your husband's stockings—pshaw!—the aim of woman's existence!'"

"Oh, tell me all about it, aunt; I am in prime humor for a story."

"It will be but short, my dear. When Henry and Ellen Stuart were married, every one spoke of the excellent match—such a fine young man. The village seemed delighted with itself; but its congratulations did not last long. Soon it began to be whispered that Henry frequented the tavern; he was several times seen reeling home; and at last it became evident to every one that he was a confirmed drunkard. I expostulated, your grandfather lectured him severely, but with no effect. Their furniture, piece by piece, was sold to gratify the cravings of his appetite. His wife's clothes and his own went one after another, and at last little remained but the bare walls. In spite of all this, Ellen managed to keep up appearances; she was always neatly and cleanly dressed, and tried to speak cheerfully of the future.

"One morning, after a greater debauch than usual, Henry Stuart lay on the heap of straw which served them as a couch, their bed having been sold long before. His heart was heavy; his conscience was busy, yet he lay there quietly. His wife, after arranging the room, sat down on a broken chair, and quietly began darning a very old and worn stocking. His pride was roused. This was not wont to be so. He watched her as she patiently drew the glittering needle through the fearful chasms Time had made; he looked at her dress—composed of the coarsest material—her face, its rosy freshness gone, and the sunny smile succeeded by a look of anxiety that made her seem almost old; the room bare of all its former comforts; and all this change he had wrought. He rose from the bed, signed the pledge, resumed his work with energy, and now behold him! By hard work and prudence, he has regained his former standing; and he still keeps the darned stocking, considering it as the dearest legacy he can leave to his daughter; and whenever he is tempted, he looks at it for a few minutes, and self is conquered. Which would you rather be, the proud, wealthy woman, sneering at household duties, and endeavoring wildly to revolutionize the world; or Ellen Stuart, humble and hard-working though she be, rejoicing in the thought that her patient forbearance and the blessed old stocking have wrought this change?"

"Not the *virago*, for the wealth of worlds."

As we passed through the village, the lights began to twinkle from the windows, and at the door of one small cottage, I could not resist the temptation to peep in. A young girl was seated by a small table, bending over some sewing. Her fingers flew; and well they might, for they were helping to bar the door against poverty. An old man sat in the chimney corner smoking a pipe; while his wife, with spectacles on nose, was busied with her knit-

ting. Sweet Lizzie White, thine is indeed a life of toil. "Day in, day out," rain or sunshine, heat or cold, you must sew, sew on from morn till night. By Lizzie's labor the whole family live. She supports her aged parents and a blind orphan nephew. She never knows holiday—never shows her pretty face except at meeting; and yet few are happier. She sings like a bird; and it would be strange, indeed, to pass their humble dwelling and not hear her sweet voice caroling her simple song.

A blessed right it is to labor for those we love. It gives strength to the hands and warmth to the heart. To feel that you are useful, that the lives of others are cheered by your labor, is enough to make the most sluggish blood course quickly through the veins, to rouse the most sullen heart to action. To meet poverty nobly, to wrestle with it bravely, to subdue it gloriously, this, indeed, makes woman seem "a little lower than the angels."

When we reached our home, the hall was deserted; Aunt Debbie went to hunt my father, and I threw myself on a settee—my limbs wearied with my long walk, but my faculties wide awake, and my brain and heart full to overflowing. I heard voices in an adjoining room. It was my little nephew Harry, talking with his mother. She was telling her boy of God. The merry little fellow was hushed into silence by the solemnity of the theme; and when, a short time afterwards, he knelt and repeated his evening prayer—"God bless Harry, make him a good boy; God bless Aunt Hattie and

Carlo"—I could restrain myself no longer, but burst into tears. I thought of my own mother, of her gentle counsels to her wayward daughter, of her noble character; and I wept still more. The last and best of woman's rights—a mother's love. To "shadow forth in your example what you wish your child to be," is, indeed, a right—often abused, it is true, and seldom clearly understood, but still a right, and a noble one. The little being who reposes so confidently on your bosom will become whatever you choose to make him. If you mould his mind to high and lofty aspirations after truth, if you teach him to know his duty and to perform it, great, exceeding great will be your reward; but if you teach him to submit to passion's sway, to sneer at everything that is right and good, to check every noble impulse, the sin be upon your own head.

That night, when Aunt Debbie entered my chamber to bestow the good-night kiss, I accosted her with—

"Aunt Debbie, you did not tell me all of woman's rights—one right you omitted."

"What was it, my darling?"

"Hold down your head; I will tell you, if you will promise not to say anything to Tom."

"Well, I promise—only don't strangle me. What is it, my dear?"

"The—the *right of conquest*, aunty."

"Oh, fie! what a naughty girl!" and Aunt Debbie tripped lightly from the room.

## KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

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"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Sir, you're a stranger; but I must deal plain with you. That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.—*The Widow.*

THE business of the feast had scarcely been begun, when it was interrupted by a heavy tread without, as of more than one iron-shod person; and, the door being thrown open by Bacehus, a dull-faced lieutenant, having charge of the escort of Balfour, showed himself at the entrance, and begged a hearing.

"What's the matter, Fergusson? Can't it keep till after supper?" was the somewhat impatient speech of Balfour.

He was answered by a strange voice; and a little bustle followed, in which a person, totally unexpected, made his appearance upon the scene. The stranger's entrance caused the commandant's eyes to roll in some astonishment, and occasioned no small surprise in all the assembly. He was a tall young man, of goodly person, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years of age, but habited in a costume not often seen in the lower country. He wore one of those hunting shirts, of plain blue homespun, fringed with green, such as denoted the mountain ranger. A green scarf was wrapped about his waist, with a belt or baldric of black, from which depended a very genteel cut-and-thrust. On his shoulder was an epaulette of green fringe also; and he carried in his hand, plucked from his brows as he entered the apartment, a cap of fur, in which shone a large gay button; behind which may have been worn a plume, though it carried none at present. The costume betrayed a captain of loyalist riflemen, from the interior, and was instantly recognized as such by the British officer. But the stranger left them in no long surprise. Advancing to the table, with the ease of a man who had been familiar with good society in his own region all his life, yet with a brusqueness of manner which showed an equal freedom from the restraints of city life, he bowed respectfully to the ladies, and then addressed himself directly to Balfour.

"Colonel Balfour, I reckon?"

"You are right, sir; I am Colonel Balfour."

"Well, colonel, I'm right glad I met you here. It may save me a journey to the city, and I'm too much in a hurry to get back to lose any time if I can help it. I'm Captain Furness, of the True Blue Rifles, of whom, I reckon, you've heard before. I've ridden mighty hard to get to you, and hope to get the business done as soon as may be, that I come after. Here's a letter from Colonel Tarleton. I reckon you hain't heard the news of the mischief that's happened above?"

"What mischief?"

"You've heard, I reckon, that Lord Cornwallis gave Saratoga Gates all blazes at Rugely's Mills?"

"Yes, yes; we know all that."

"Well, but I reckon you don't know that just when Cornwallis was putting it to Gates in one quarter, hard-riding Tom was giving us ginger in another?"

"And who is hard-riding Tom?"

"Why, Tom Sumter, to be sure—the game-cock, as they sometimes call him; and, sure enough, he's got cause enough to crow for a season now."

"And what has he been doing above?"

"Well, he and Tom Taylor broke into Colonel Carey's quarters, at Camden Ferry, and broke him up, root and branch, killing and capturing all hands."

"Ha! indeed! Carey?"

"Yes. And that isn't all. No sooner had he done that than he sets an ambush for all the supplies that you sent up for the army; breaks out from the thicket upon the convoy, kills and captures the escort to a man, and snaps up the whole detachment, bag and baggage, stores, arms, spirits, making off with a matter of three hundred prisoners."

"The devil! Forty wagons, as I live! And why are you here?"

"Me? Read the letter, colonel. Lord Cornwallis has sent Tarleton after Sumter, and both have gone off at dead speed; but Tarleton has sent me down to you with my lord's letter and his own, and they want fresh supplies sent after them as fast as the thing can be done. I'm wanting some sixty-five rifles, and as many butcher knives, for my own troop, and a few pistols for the mounted men. Colonel Tarleton told me you would furnish all."

Balfour leaned his chin upon both hands, and



looked vacantly around him, deeply immersed in thought. At the pause in the dialogue which followed, Katharine Walton asked the stranger if he would not join the party at the supper-table. He fastened a keen, quick, searching glance upon her features; their eyes met; but the intelligence which flashed from out his met no answering voice in hers. He answered her civilities gracefully, and, frankly accepting them, proceeded to place himself at the table—a seat having been furnished him, at the upper end, and very near to her own. Balfour scowled upon the stranger as he beheld this arrangement; but the latter did not perceive the frown upon the brow of his superior. He had soon finished a cup of the warm beverage put before him; and, as if apologizing for so soon calling for a fresh supply, he observed, while passing up his cup—

“I’ve ridden mighty far to-day, miss, and I’m as thirsty as an Indian. Besides, if you *could* make the next cup a shade stronger, I think I should like it better. We rangers are used to the smallest possible quantity of water, in the matter of our drinks.”

“The impudent backwoodsman!” was the muttered remark of Balfour to Cruden, only inaudible to the rest of the company. The scowl which covered his brow as he spoke, and the evident disgust with which he turned away his eyes, did not escape those of the Ranger; and a merry twinkle lighted up his own as he looked in the direction of the fair hostess, and handed up his cup. Had Balfour watched him a little more closely, it is possible that he might have remarked something in his manner of performing this trifling office which would have afforded new cause of provocation. The hand of the Ranger lingered near the cup until a ring, which had previously been loosened upon his little finger, was dropped adroitly beside the saucer, and beyond all eyes but hers for whom it was intended. Katharine instantly covered the tiny but sparkling messenger beneath her hands. She knew it well. A sudden flush warmed her cheek; and, trusting herself with a single glance only at the stranger, he saw that he was recognized.

## CHAPTER V.

Mendoza is protector of thy realm;  
I did elect him for his gravity:  
I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.

*Marlowe.*

THE evening repast, in the good old times, was not one of your empty shows, such as it appears at present. It consisted of goodly solids of several descriptions. Meats shared the place with delicacies; and tea or coffee was the adjunct to such grave personages as Sir Loin, Bacon, Beef, and Viscount Venison. Balfour and Cruden were both strongly prepossessed in favor of all titled dignitaries, and they remained in goodly communion with such as these for a longer period than would seem rea-

sonable now to yield to a supper-table. Captain Dickson naturally followed the example of his superiors; and our loyalist leader, Furness, if he did not declare the same tastes and sympathies in general, attested, on this occasion, the sharpness of an appetite which had been mortified by unbroken denial throughout the day. But the moment at length came which offered a reasonable pretext to the ladies for leaving the table. The guests no longer appealed to the fair hostess for replenished cups; and, giving the signal to her excellent, but frigid and stately aunt, Mrs. Barbara, Katharine Walton rose, and the gentlemen made a like movement. She approached Colonel Balfour as she did so, and laid the keys of the house before him.

“These, sir, I may as well place at once in your keeping. It will satisfy you that I recognize you as the future master here. I submit to your authority. The servant, Bacchus, will obey your orders, and furnish what you may require. The wines and liquors are in that sideboard, of which you have the keys. Good-night, sir; good-night, gentlemen.”

The ease, grace, and dignity with which this communication was made, surprised Balfour into something like silence. He could barely make an awkward bow and a brief acknowledgment as she left the apartment, closely followed by her aunt. The gentlemen were left to themselves; while Bacchus, at a modest distance, stood in respectful attendance.

“By my life,” said Cruden, “the girl carries herself like a queen. She knows how to behave, certainly. She knows what is expected of her.”

“She *is* a queen,” replied Balfour, with quite a burst of enthusiasm. “I only wish that she were mine. It would make me feel like a prince, indeed. I should get myself crowned King of Dorchester, and my ships should have the exclusive privilege of Ashley River. ‘The Oaks’ should be my winter retreat from the cares of royalty, and my summer palace should be at the junction of the two rivers in Charleston. I should have a principality—small, it is true; but snug, compact, and with larger revenues, and a territory no less ample than many of the German princes.”

“Beware!” said Cruden, half seriously. “You may be brought up for *lèse-majesté*.”

“Pshaw! we are only speaking a vain jest, and in the presence of friends,” was the reply of Balfour, glancing obliquely at Captain Furness. The latter was amusing himself, meanwhile, by balancing his teaspoon upon the rim of his cup. A slight smile played upon his mouth as he listened to the conversation, in which he did not seem to desire to partake. Following the eye of Balfour, which watched the loyalist curiously, the glance of Cruden was arrested rather by the occupation than the looks of that person. His mode of amusing himself with the spoon was suggestive of an entirely new train of thought to the commissioner of sequestered estates.

"By the way, Balfour, this looks very suspicious. Do you observe?"

"What looks suspicious?"

"Do you remember the subject of which we spoke before supper?—the plate of this rebel Walton? It was understood to be a singularly extensive collection—rich, various, and highly valuable. You remark none of it here—nothing but a beggarly collection of old spoons. The coffee-pot is tin or pewter; the tea-service, milk-pot, and all, of common ware. I am afraid the plate has followed the jewels of the young lady, and found its way into the swamps of Marion."

A scowl gathered upon the brow of Balfour, as he glanced rapidly over the table. The next moment, without answering Cruden, he turned to Bacchus, who stood in waiting with a face the most inexpressive, and said—

"Take the keys, Cupid, and get out some of the best wines. You have some old Jamaica, have you not?"

The reply was affirmative.

"See that a bottle of it is in readiness. Let the sugar-bowl remain, and keep a kettle of water on the fire. This done, you may leave the room; but remain within call."

He was promptly obeyed. The conversation flagged meanwhile. Cruden felt himself rebuked, and remained modestly silent, but not the less moody on the subject which had occasioned his remark. Balfour referred to it soon after the disappearance of Bacchus.

"It is as you say, Cruden; there is certainly no display before us of the precious metals. I had really not observed the absence of them before. In truth, everything was so neatly arranged and so appropriate, that I could fancy no deficiencies. Besides, my eyes were satisfied to look only in one direction. The girl absorbed all my admiration. That she has not herself gone into the camp of Marion, is my consolation. I shall compound with you cheerfully. You shall have the plate, all that you may find, and the damsel comes to me."

The cheeks of the loyalist captain, had they caught the glance, at that moment, of the commandant of Charleston, would have betrayed a peculiar interest in the subject of which he spoke. They reddened even to his forehead, and the spoon slid from his fingers into the cup. But he said nothing, and the suffusion passed from his face unnoticed.

"I am afraid that you would get the best of the bargain. But it may be that the plate is still in the establishment. It would scarcely be brought out on ordinary occasions."

"Ordinary occasions! Our visit an ordinary occasion!" exclaimed Balfour. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, my good fellow. These Carolinians never allow such occasions to escape them of making a display. The ostentation of the race would spread every available vessel of silver at the entrance of stranger guests of our rank. Nothing would be wanting to make them glorious in

our eyes, and prompt us to proper gratitude in theirs. They would certainly crowd sideboard and supper-table with all the plate in the establishment."

"Ay, *there* we guests, Balfour; but that were no policy, if we came as enemies. Would they tempt cupidity by ostentatious exhibitions of silver? Scarcely! They would be more apt to hide away."

"As if they knew not that we are as good at seek as they at hide! No, no, my dear fellow; I am afraid that your first conjecture is the right one. If the woman gives her jewels, it is probable that the plate went before. But we shall see in season. Meanwhile, I am for some of the rebel's old Madeira. Come, Captain Furness, let us drink confusion to the enemy."

"Agreed, sir," was the ready answer. "I am always willing for that. I am willing to spoil the Egyptians in any way. But to see how you do things here below, makes one's mouth water. We have mighty little chance, in our parts, for doing ourselves much good when we pop into an enemy's cupboard. There's monstrous small supply of silver plate and good liquor in our country. The cleaning out of a rebel's closet in 'Ninety-Six' won't give more than a teaspoon round to the officers of a squad like mine; and the profits hardly enough to reconcile one to taking the pap-spoon out of a baby's jaws, even to run into Spanish dollars. But here, in these rich parts, you have such glorious pickings, that I should like greatly to be put on service here."

"Pickings!" exclaimed Balfour, lifting his eyes, and surveying the loyalist from head to foot, as he held the untasted goblet suspended before his lips—"pickings! Why, sir, you speak as if the officers honored with the commission of his majesty, could possibly stoop to the miserable practice of sharing selfishly the confiscated possessions of these rebels."

"To be sure, colonel; that's what I suppose. Isn't it so, then?" demanded the loyalist, not a whit abashed.

"My good sir, be a little wiser; do not speak so rashly. Let me enlighten you."

"Pray do; I'll thank you, colonel."

"To distress the enemy, to deprive them of the means to be mischievous, alone causes the sequestration of their goods and chattels. These goods and chattels must be taken care of. It may be that these rebels will make proper submission hereafter, will make amends for past errors by future service; and, in such cases, will be admitted to his majesty's favor, and receive their possessions at his hands again, subject only to such drawbacks as flow necessarily from the expense of taking care of the property, commissions on farming it, and unavoidable waste. These commissions are generally derived from mere movables, silver and gold, plate and jewels, which, as they might be lost, are at once appropriated, and the estate credited with the appropriation against the cost and trouble of taking care of it. That the officers in his majesty's commission should employ this plate, is simply that his majesty's service may be sufficiently honored and

you command due respect. Selfish motives have no share in the transaction. We have no 'pickings,' sir—none! *Appropriations*, indeed, are made; but, as you see, solely for the equal benefit of the property itself, the service in which we are engaged, and the honor of his majesty. Do you comprehend me, my young friend?"

"Perfectly, sir; perfectly. I see. Nothing can be clearer."

"Do not use that vulgar phrase again, I pray you, in the hearing of any of his majesty's representatives. 'Pickings' may do among our loyalist natives. We do not deny them the small privileges of which you have spoken. You have emptied, in your experience, I understand, some good wives' cupboards in Ninety-Six. You have grown wealthier in tea and pap-spoons. It is right enough. The laborer is worthy of his hire. These are the gifts with which his majesty permits his loyal servants to reward themselves. But, even in your case, my young friend, the less you say about the matter the better. Remember, always, that what is appropriated is in the name, and, consequently, for the uses of his majesty. But no more 'pickings,' if you love me."

An air of delicate honor always accompanied the use of the offensive phrase. The loyalist captain professed many regrets at the errors of his ignorance.

"I see, I see; 'appropriations' is the word, not 'pickings.' There is a good deal in the distinction, which did not occur to me before. In fact, I only use the phrase which is common to us in the up-country. Our people know no better; and I am half inclined to think that, were I to insist upon 'appropriations,' instead of 'pickings,' they would still be mulish enough to swear that they meant the same thing."

Balfour turned an inquisitive glance upon the speaker; but there was nothing in his face to render his remark equivocal. It seemed really to flow from an innocent inexperience, which never dreamed of the covert sneer in his answer. He tossed off his wine as he finished, and once more resumed his seat at the table. So did Cruden. Not so, Balfour. With his arms behind him, after a fashion which Napoleon, in subsequent periods, has made famous, if not graceful, our commandant proceeded to pace the apartment, carrying on an occasional conversation with Cruden; and, at intervals, subjecting Furness to a sort of inquisitorial process.

"What did you see, Captain Furness, in your route from the Congarees? Did you meet any of our people? or did you hear anything of Marion's?"

"Not much, colonel; but I had a mighty narrow escape from a smart squad, well mounted, under Major Singleton. From what I could hear, they were the same fellows that have been kicking up a dust in these parts."

"Ha! did you meet them?" demanded Cruden. "How many were there?"

"I reckon there may have been thirty or thirty-five—perhaps forty—all told."

"You hear?" said Cruden.

"Yes, yes!" rather impatiently, was the reply of Balfour. "But how knew you that they were Singleton's men?"

"Well, it so happened that I got a glimpse of them, down the road, while I was covered by the brush. I pushed into the woods out of sight, as they went by, and found myself suddenly upon a man, a poor devil enough, who was looking for a hiding-place as well as myself. He knew all about them; knew what they had been after, and heard what they had done. His name was Cammer; he was a Dutchman, out of the Forks of Edisto."

"What route did they pursue?"

"Up the road, pushing for the east, I reckon."

"And you want rifles and sabres, eh?"

"And a few pistols, colonel."

"Do you suppose that you have much work before you, after this annihilation of Gates at Camden?"

"Well, I reckon there was no annihilation, exactly. The lads run too fast for that. They are gathering again, so they report, pretty thick in North Carolina, and are showing themselves stronger than ever in our up-country. The fact is, colonel, though Lord Cornwallis has given Gates a most famous drubbing, it isn't quite sufficient to cool the rebels. The first scare, after you took the city, is rather wearing off; and the more they get used to the sound of musket bullets, the less they seem to care about them. The truth is, your British soldiers don't know much about the use of the gun, as a shooting iron. They haven't got the sure sight of our native woodsmen. They are great at the push of the bayonet, and drive everything before them: but at long shot, the rebels only laugh at them."

"Laugh, do they?"

"That they do, colonel, and our people know it; and though they run fast enough from the bayonet, yet it's but reasonable they should do so, as they have nothing but the rifle to push against it. If they had muskets with bayonets, I do think they'd soon get conceited enough to stand a little longer, and try at the charge too, if they saw a clever opportunity."

"That's your opinion, is it?"

"Not mine only, but his lordship, himself, says so. I heard him, with my own ears, though it made Colonel Tarleton laugh."

"And well he might laugh! Stand the bayonet against British soldiers. I wonder that his lordship should flatter the scoundrels with any such absurd opinion."

"Well now, colonel, with due regard to your better judgment, I don't see that there's anything so very absurd in it. Our people come of the same breed with the English, and if they had a British training, I reckon they'd show themselves quite as much men as the best. Now, I'm a native born American myself, and I *think* I'm just as little likely to be scared by a bayonet as any man I know. I'm not used to the weapon, I allow; but give me time and practice, so as to get my hand in, and I warrant you, I'd not be the first to say 'back out,

boys, a hard time's coming." "People fight more or less bravely, as they fight with their eyes open, knowing all the facts, on ground that they're accustomed to, and having a weapon that's familiar to the hand. The rifle is pretty much the weapon for our people. It belongs, I may say, to a well-wooded country. But take it away from them altogether, and train them every day with musket and bayonet, with the feel of their neighbor's elbow all the while, and see what you can make of them in six months or so."

"My good friend, Furness, it is quite to your honor that you think well of the capacities of your countrymen. It will be of service to you, when you come to confront our king's enemies in battle; but you are still a very young man—"

"Thirty-two, if I'm a day, colonel."

"Young in experience, my friend, if not in years. When you see and hear more of the world, you will learn that the bayonet is the decreed and appointed weapon for a British soldiery over all nations. He may be said to be born to it. It was certainly made for him. No people have stood him with it, and take my word for it no people will."

"Unless, as I was saying, a people of the same breed—a tough, steady people, such as ours—that can stand hard knocks, and never skulk 'em when they know they're coming. I've seen our people fight, and they fight well, once they begin—"

"As at Camden."

"There they didn't fight at all; but there was reason—"

"Let us take a glass of wine together, Captain Furness. I feel sure that you will fight well when the time comes. Meanwhile, let us drink. Come, Cruden, you seem drowsing. Up with you, man. Our rebel, Walton, had a proper relish for Madeira. This is as old as any in the country. What would they say to such a bottle in England?"

"What! can't they get it there?" demanded the loyalist captain, with an air of unaffected wonderment.

"No, indeed, Furness. You have the climate for it. You see, you have yet to live and learn. Our royal master, George the Third, has no such glass of wine in his cellar. Come, fill, Cruden, shall I drink without you?"

"I'm with you! Give us a sentiment."

"Well! Here's to my Altamira, the lovely Katharine Walton; may she soon take up arms with her sovereign! Heh! You don't drink my toast, Captain Furness?"

"I finished my glass before you gave it, colonel."

"Fill again! and pledge me! You have no objection to my sentiment?"

"None at all! It don't interfere with a single wish of mine. I don't know much about the young lady; but I certainly wish, in her case, as in that of all other unmarried young women, that she may soon find her proper sovereign."

"I see you take me. Ha! ha! You are keen, sir, keen. I certainly entertain that ambition. If

I can't be master over Dorchester and the Ashley, at all events, I shall aim to acquire the sovereignty over her. Cruden, my boy, you may have the ancient lady—the aunt. She is a gem, believe me, from the antique! Nay, don't look so wretched and disgusted. She is an heiress in her own right; has lands and negroes, my friend, enough to make you happy for life."

"No more of that, Nesbitt. The matter is quite too serious for jest."

"Pshaw! drink! and forget your troubles. Your head is now running on that plate. What if it is gone, there are the lands, the negroes, and a crop just harvesting—some nine hundred barrels of rice, they tell me!"

A sly expression passed over the features of the loyalist captain, as Balfour enumerated the goods and chattels still liable to the grasp of the sequestrator; but he said nothing. Balfour now approached him, and putting on an air of determined business, remarked abruptly—

"So, Captain Furness, you desire to go with me to Charleston for arms?"

No, indeed, colonel; and that's a matter I wish to speak about. I wish the arms, but do not wish to go to Charleston for them, as I hear you've got the small-pox and yellow fever in that place."

"Pshaw! They never trouble genteel people, who live decently and drink old Madeira."

"But a poor captain of loyalists don't often get a chance, colonel, of feeding on old Madeira."

"Feeding on it! By Jove, I like the phrase! It is appropriate to good living. One might fatten on such stuff as this without any other diet, and defy fever and the ague. Afraid of small-pox? Why, Captain Furness, a good soldier is afraid of nothing."

"Nothing, colonel, that he can fight against, to be sure; but dealing with an enemy whom you can't cudgel, is to stand a mighty bad chance of ever getting the victory. We folks of the back country have a monstrous great dread of small-pox. That was the reason they could get so few of the people to go down to Charleston when you came against it. They could have mustered three thousand more men if it hadn't been for that."

"It's well they didn't. But there's no need of your going to the city if you don't wish it. You can stay here with Cruden, or in Dorchester, till I send on the wagons."

"That'll do me, exactly; and now, colonel, if you have no objections, I'll find my way to a sleeping place. I've had a hard ride of it to-day—more than forty-five miles—and I feel it in all my bones."

"We can spare you. Ho, there!—Jupiter!—Cupid!"

"Bacchus, I think they call him," said the loyalist.

"Ay! How should I forget when the Madeira is before us. Come, sir, captain, let us take the night-cap;—you, at least, I mean to see these bottles under the table, before I leave it."

Furness declined; and, at that moment, Bacchus made his appearance.

"Find a chamber for this gentleman," said the commandant; and, bidding the British officers good-night, Furness left the apartment under the guidance of the negro. When they had emerged into the passage-way, the loyalist captain, to the great surprise of the former, put his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, and, in subdued tones, said—

"Bacchus, do you not know me?"

The fellow started and exclaimed—

"Mass Robert, is it you?—and you not afeard'd?"

"Hush, Bacchus; not a word, but in a whisper. Where am I to sleep?"

"In the blue room, sir."

"Very good: let us go thither. After that, return to these gentlemen, and keep an eye on them."

"But you're going to see young missus?"

"Yes; but I must do it cautiously."

"And you ain't 'fear'd to come here! Perhaps you got your people with you, and will make a smash among these red-coats?"

"No. But we must say as little as possible. Go forward, and I will tell you further what is to be done."

The negro conducted the supposed loyalist—passing through the passage almost to its extremity, and from thence ascending a flight of steps to the upper story. Here another passage, corresponding in part with that below, opened upon them, which, in turn, opened upon another avenue conducting to wings of the building. In one of these was the chamber assigned to Furness. To this they were proceeding, when a door of one of the apartments of the main building was seen to open. The loyalist paused, and, in a whisper, said—

"Go, Bacchus, to my chamber with the light. Cover it when you get there, so that it will not be seen by the soldiers from without. Meanwhile, I will speak to your mistress."

The negro disappeared, and Katharine Walton, in the next moment, joined the stranger.

"Oh, Robert, how can you so venture? Why put your head into the very jaws of the lion?"

"Let us follow this passage, Kate. We shall be more secure. Balfour and his companions sleep in the chamber below, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Come, then, and I will try to satisfy all your doubts, and quiet all your fears."

And the speaker folded his arms tenderly about the waist of the maiden, as he led her forward through a passage that seemed equally familiar to both the parties.

## CHAPTER VI.

Nothing makes me wonder

So much as, having you within their power,

They let you go. BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"And now, Robert," said Katharine Walton, "tell me the reason of this rashness. Why will you so peril yourself, and at a moment when the memory

of that dark and terrible scene in which you rescued my father from a base and cruel death still fills my eyes and heart? What do you expect here? What would you do?—which prompts you to incur this danger?"

"Ah, Kate," replied her companion, fondly clasping her to his bosom, "were it not a sufficient answer to boast that my coming provokes such a sweet and tender interest in you? The gentle concern which warms the bosom of the beloved one is surely motive enough to stimulate the adventure of a soldier; and I find a consolation from all toils and perils, I assure you, in a moment of meeting and satisfaction so precious as this. If you will censure my rashness, at least give credit to my fondness."

"Do I not, Robert? And is not this farther proof of your attachment, added to so many, which I never can forget, as dear to me as any hope or treasure that I own? But there is some other motive, I am sure, for your presence now. I know that you are not the person, at a season when your services are so necessary to the country, to bestow any time even upon your best affections, which might better be employed elsewhere. Surely, there is a cause which brings you into the snares of our enemies, of a nature to justify this rashness."

"There is—there is, dear Kate; and you are only right in supposing that, precious as it is to me to enjoy your presence, and clasp you in fond embrace, even this pleasure could not have beguiled me now from the duties of the camp."

"But how have you deceived these people?"

"How did I deceive you, Kate? You did not see through my disguise; you, who knew me so well, any more than Balfour and Cruden, to whom I am so utterly unknown."

"True—true; and yet, that I did not detect you, may be owing to the fact that I scarcely noted your entrance or appearance. I took for granted that you were one of the enemy, and gave you scarce a look. When I knew you, I wondered that I had been deceived for a moment. Had I not been absorbed by my own anxieties, and prepossessed against your appearance, I should have seen through your disguise without an effort."

"Yet Bacchus knew me as little as yourself."

"For the same reasons, doubtless. But what is the history of this disguise, Robert? And is there a real Captain Furness?"

"There is. We surprised him yesterday on his way to the city, and soon after I had separated from your father. His letters and papers suggested the deception; and I did not scruple to employ the contents of his saddle-bags in making my appearance correspond with his. We are not unlike in size, and there is something of a likeness in the face between us. A *ruse de guerre* of considerable importance depends upon my successful prosecution of the imposture. We shall procure a supply of arms and ammunition, which is greatly wanted in camp; and possibly effect some other objects, which I need not detail to you."

"But the peril, Robert."

"You have become strangely timid and apprehensive, Kate, all on a sudden. Once you would have welcomed any peril, for yourself as well as me, which promised glorious results in war or stratagem. Now—"

"Alas! Robert, the last few days have served to show me that I am but a woman. The danger from which you saved my father brought out all my weakness. I believe that I have great and unusual strength for one of my sex; but I feel a shrinking at the heart, now, that satisfies me how idly before were all my sense and appreciation of the great perils to which our people are exposed. Robert, dear Robert, if you love me, forego this adventure. You surely do not mean to visit the city?"

"Not if I can help it. The small-pox furnishes a good excuse, which Balfour is prepared to acknowledge. But heed not me. At all events, entertain no apprehension. I am not so unprepared for danger as you think. I have a pretty little squad in the Cypress, and can summon them to my side in an hour. True, they are not equal to any open effort against such a force as is now at Dorchester. But let Balfour disappear, and your father but get the recruits that he expects, and we shall warm the old tabby walls for them with a vengeance."

"Whither has my father gone?"

"To the southward—along the Edisto. He may probably range as far as the Savannah. He has ten of my followers with him, which straitens me somewhat. But for this, I had been tempted to have dashed in among these rascals here, and taken off the commandant of Charleston, with his mercenary commissioner of sequestration. If you only had heard their discussion upon the division of your plate and jewels! the beasts!"

"You must have laughed, surely?"

"Knowing, as I did, to what market the plate and jewels went, it was certainly hard to keep from laughing outright."

"Alas! Robert, this reminds me that the evil so long anticipated, has come at last. You hear that I am to be dispossessed. 'The Oaks' must know a new proprietor, and the servants—that is the worst thought—they will be scattered; they will be drugged off to the city, and made to work at the fortifications, and finally shipped to the West Indies."

"I can laugh at them there too, Kate," and her companion could not entirely suppress a chuckle.

"How?"

"Never mind; better that you should know nothing. You will know all in the morning."

"Can it be that you have got the negroes off, Robert?"

"Ah! you will suffer me to have no secrets. They will all be off before daylight. Many of them are already snug in the Cypress, and a few days will find them safe beyond the Santee. The house servants alone are left, and such of the others as our British customers will be scarcely persuaded to take. Our venerable 'Daddy' Bram' is here still,

with his wool whiter than the moss; and Scipio, who was an old man, according to his own showing, in the Old French War; and Dinah, who is the Mrs. Methusalem of all the Ashley, and a dozen others of the same class. Balfour's face will be quite a study as he makes the discovery. But this is not all. We have taken off the entire stud—every horse, plough, draught, or saddle, that was of any service, leaving you the carriage horses only, and a few broken-down hackneys."

"This must have been done last night?"

"Partly; but some of it this very day, and while Balfour was dawdling and drinking at Dorchester."

"Were you then here last night, Robert?"

"Ay, Kate, and with an eye upon you as well as your interests. You had a visitor from Dorchester, Kate."

"Yes; Major Proctor, he came in the afternoon—"

"And is disgraced for coming! Your charms have been too much for him. It is already over Dorchester that he has been superseded in his command for neglect of duty, and is to be court-martialed for the affair of your father's rescue."

"Ah! I am truly sorry for him! He was an amiable and courteous gentleman, though an enemy."

"What! would you make me jealous? Am I to be told that he is a fine-looking fellow also—nay, positively handsome?"

"And what is it to me?"

"No woman, Kate, thinks ill of a man for loving her—no sensible woman, at least; and pity is so near akin to love, that the very disgraces that threaten this gentleman make me a little dubious about his visits."

"He will probably pay no more."

"What! do you mean to say, Kate, that you have given him reason to despair?"

"No, Robert, not so"—with a blush which remained unseen—"but this disgrace of his removes him from Dorchester, and carries him to Charleston—"

"Whither you go also?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Why, what do you propose to do?"

"To fly with you to the Santee, if I cannot remain here."

"Impossible, Kate! Who is to receive you on the Santee? Was it not thence that my poor sister hurried to find refuge with you in the last moments of her precious life? Our plantation was harried, and our dwellings burnt by the Tories, before I sent her hither. Besides, how would you escape hence—how travel, if you did succeed in making your escape—and in what security would you live in a region over which the ploughshare of war will probably pass and repass for many weary months?"

"And do you counsel me to go to the city—to place myself in the custody of these mercenaries?"

"You are in their custody now. You can do no better. The city is, at all events, secure from

assaults. Were the French to help us with an efficient fleet, and could our army be rallied under an efficient general, we might do something against it; but of this there is little present prospect. The same degree of security could attend you nowhere else in the South at present. Our war must be a Fabian war—irregular, predatory, and eccentric in regard to the region in which it will prevail. No, Kate, however much I would rejoice to bear you away with me, even as the knight of olden time carried off his mistress from the very castle of her tyrant sire, I love you too much to make such an attempt now, when I know not whither I could bear you to place you in even partial security."

"The mountains of North Carolina?"

"But how get there? We cannot hope that you should travel as we are constrained to do; for days without food; riding sometimes day and night to elude the enemy, or to find friends: with neither rest, nor food, nor certainty of any kind, and with the constant prospect of doing battle with an enemy as reckless and more faithless than the savage. You must submit, Kate, with the best possible grace, to the necessity which we cannot conquer."

A deep sigh answered him.

"You sigh, Kate; but what the need? Apart from the security which the city affords, and which was always doubtful here, you will find yourself in the enjoyment of society, of luxuries, gay scenes, and glorious spectacles; the ball, the rout, the revel, the parade!"

"Robert Singleton!" was the reproachful exclamation. It was a moody moment with our hero, such as will sometimes deform the surface of the noblest character, as a rough gust will deface the gentle beauties of the most transparent water.

"You will achieve now conquests, Kate. Your old suitor, Proctor, will be again at your feet; you will be honored with the special attentions of that inimitable *petit maitre*, the gallant Harry Barry;\* 'Mad Campbell' and 'Fool Campbell,'† who, in spite of their nicknames, are such favorites with the Tory ladies, will attach themselves to your train; and you will almost forget, in the brilliancy of your court, the simple forester, whose suit will then, perhaps, appear almost presumptuous in your sight."

"I have not deserved this, Robert Singleton."

"You have not, dearest Kate; and I am but a perverse devil thus to disquiet you with suspicions that have really no place within my own bosom. Forgive something to a peevishness that springs from anxiety, and represents toil, vexation, disappointment, and unremitting labors, rather than the thought that always esteems you, and the heart that is never so blessed as when it gives you all its love. It is seldom that I do you injustice; never, dearest cousin, believe me, when I think of you *alone*, and separate from all other human considerations. It is

then, indeed, alone that I love to think of you; and in thinking of you thus, Kato, it is easy to forget that the world has any other beings of worth or interest."

"No more, Robert—no more."

But, as she murmured those words, her head rested happily upon his bosom. With all around her apprehension and trouble, and all before her doubt, if not dismay, the moment was one of unmixed happiness. But she started suddenly from his fond embrace, and, in quick accents, resumed—

"I know not why it is, Robert, but my soul has been shrinking, as if within itself, under the most oppressive presentiments of evil. They haunt me at every turning. I cannot shake off the feeling, that something crushing and dreadful is about to happen to me; and, since the decree of this Commandant of Charleston, I associate all my fears with my visit to that city. This it is that makes me anxious to escape—to fly anywhere for refuge—even to the Swamps of the Cypress; even to the mountains of North Carolina, making the journey, if you please, on horse-back, and incurring all risks, all privations, rather than going to what seems *my fate* in Charleston. Tell me, Robert, is it not possible?"

"Do not think of it, Kate. It is *not* possible. I see the troubles, the dangers, the impossibilities of such an enterprise, as they cannot occur to you. Dismiss these fears. This presentiment is the natural consequence of what you have undergone, the reaction from that intense and terrible excitement which you suffered in the affair at Dorchester. It will pass away in a few days, and you will again become the calm, the firm, the almost stoical spirit—certainly in endurance—which you have shown yourself already. In Charleston, your worst annoyance will be from the courtesies and gallantries of those you will despise. You will be dependent upon them for civilities, and will need to exercise all your forbearance. Balfour will be the master of your fortunes; but he will not presume to offend you. You will need to conciliate him, where you can—where it calls for no ungenial concessions. We have many friends in that city; and my venerable aunt, who is your kinswoman also, will support you by her steady sympathies and courageous patriotism. You will help to cheer some of our comrades who are in captivity. You will find full employment for *your* sympathies, and, in their exercise, gain solace. Fear nothing—be hopeful—our dark days will soon pass over."

"Be it so. And yet, Robert——"

"Stay! Hear you not a movement below?"

"The British officers retiring, perhaps. They sleep in chambers below, and will not come up stairs at all. Bacchus has his instructions."

"You were saying——"

"The case of my father, Robert——"

"Hush! My life! these feet are upon the stairs! What can it mean?"

"Heavens! there is no retreat to my chamber! The light ascends! Surely, surely, Bacchus cannot have mistaken me! Oh, Robert, what is to be

\* A small wit in the British garrison.

† Nicknames of well-known British officers in Charleston

done? You cannot cross to *your* chamber without being heard, nor I to mine without being seen!"

"Be calm, Kate. Let us retire as closely as possible into this recess. Have no fears. At the worst, see, I am armed with a deadly weapon that makes no noise!"

He grasped the hilt of a dagger, which he carried in his bosom; and they retired into a dark recess, or rather a minor avenue, leading between two small apartments into the balcony in the rear. Meanwhile, the heavy steps of men—certainly those of Balfour and Cruden—were heard distinctly upon the stairs; while the voice of Bacchus, in tones somewhat elevated, was heard guiding them as he went forward with the light.

"Steps rather steep, gentlemen; have to be careful. This way, sir."

"Why do you speak so loud, Hector? Do you wish to waken up the house? Would you disturb the young lady—the Queen of Dorchester—my—my—I say, Cruden, come along, old fellow, and take care of your steps!"

Katharine trembled like a leaf. Robert Singleton—for such was his true name—put her behind him in the passage as far as possible, and placed himself in readiness for any issue. At the worst, there were but two of the enemy within the house; and our hero felt himself—occupying a certain vantage ground, as he did—more than a match for both. Let us leave the parties thus, while we retrace our steps, and return to the two whom we left fairly embarked on their carousals. Captain Dickson, it should not be forgotten, had gone back to Dorchester as soon as he had finished his supper.

(To be continued.)



## KATHARINE WALTON; OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"  
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 160.)

#### CHAPTER VII.

Come, let's be mad: by yea and nay, my son  
Shall have the Turkish monarchy; he shall  
Have it directly. The twelve companies  
Shall be his kickshaws.—CARTWRIGHT.

To us, even now in the midst of a wonderful temperance reform, with Father Matthew in the land to second the great moral progress, and to make its claims at once impressive and religious, for the contemplation of succeeding time as for the benefit of our own, it will be difficult to conceive the excesses which prevailed in the use of ardent and vinous beverages in the days of which we write. They had harder heads, probably, in those days than in ours; they could drink with more audacity, and under fewer penalties, physical and moral, in their debauches. Certainly, they were then far less obnoxious to the censure of society for the licentious orgies in which it was the delight of all parties to indulge; and, indeed, society seldom interfered, unless, perhaps, to encourage the shocking practice, and to goad the young beginner to those brutal excesses from which the natural tastes might have revolted. "He was a milk-sop," in proverbial language, "who could not carry his bottle under his belt." "Milk for babes, but meat for men," the language of the apostle, was the ironical and scornful phrase which the veteran toper employed when encountering a more abstemious companion than himself. Precept and example thus combined, it was scarcely possible for the youth to withstand the pernicious training; and the terrible results have ensued to our period, and still measurably hold their ground, in practices which it will need the continued labors of a generation of reformers wholly to obliterate. To drink deep, as they did in Flanders, was quite a maxim with the soldiers of the Revolution on both sides; and too many of the American generals, taught in the same school, were much more able to encounter their British adversaries over a bottle than in the trial and the storm of war. Scotch drinking was always as famous as Dutch or English. Indeed, it is, and has ever been quite absurd to speak of the indulgence of the Irish as distinguishing them above their sister nations in a

comparison of the relative degrees of excess which marked their several habits. The Scotch have always drank *more* than the Irish; but they drank *habitually*, and were thus less liable to betray their excesses. Balfour was a fair sample of his countrymen in this practice. He had one of those indomitable heads which preserve their balance in spite of their potations. A night of intoxication would scarcely show any of its effects in the morning, and certainly never operated to embarrass him in the execution of his daily business. His appearance usually would seldom warrant you in suspecting him of any extreme trespasses over his wine. He would be called, in the indulgent phrase, as well of that day as our own, a generous or free liver—one who relished his Madeira, and never suffered it to worst his tastes or his capacities. Such men usually pay the penalty in the end; but we need not look so far forward in the present instance. Enough for us that, with the departure of the ladies and the supposed loyalist, and Captain Dickson, the worthy commandant of Charleston determined to make a night of it. In this he was measurably seconded by his companion. Cruden, however, had a cooler head and a more temperate habit. Besides, he had a master passion, which sufficed to keep him watchful of his appetites, and to guard against the moment of excess. Still he drank. What officer of the army, in those days, did not drink, who had served three campaigns in America, after having had the training of one or more upon the continent?

"The wine improves, Cruden," said Balfour  
"I say, Mercury, how much of this wine have you in the cellar?"

"We don't keep wine in the cellar, master," replied the literal Bæchus, who showed himself at the entrance when summoned; "we keep it in the garret."

"Well, well, no matter where. Have you got much of this wine in the garret?"

"A smart chance of it, I reckon, sir."

"What an answer! But this is always the case with a negro. A smart chance of it—as if one could understand anything from such an answer. Have you got a thousand bottles?"

"Don't think, sir."

"Five hundred?"  
 "Can't say, general."  
 "Five, then?"  
 "Oh, more than five—more than fifty, sir."  
 "Enough for to-night then, at all events. Go and bring us a few more bottles. This begins to thicken. I say, Cruden, I can respect even a rebel who keeps good liquors. Such a person must always possess one or more of the essentials of a gentleman. He may not be perfectly well bred, it is true, for that depends as much on good society as upon good wines; but he shows that, under other circumstances, something might have been made of him. But why do you not drink? You neither drink nor talk. Finish that glass now, and tell me if you do not agree with me that the man deserves respect whose wines are unimpeachable."

"I can readily acknowledge the virtues which I inherit."

"Good—very good. It is a phrase to be remembered so long as the work of sequestration goes on with such happy results. But good fortune does not seem to agree with you. You are moody, Cruden."

"It is the effect of the Madeira. Wine always makes me so. I like it, perhaps, as well as any body; but it sours me for a season. I become morose, harsh, ungenial—"

"What an effect! It is monstrous. It is only because you stop short where you should begin. 'Drink deep,' was the counsel of the little poet of Twickenham. That's the only secret. Do you read poetry, Cruden? I could swear no!"

"No, indeed, it appears to me great nonsense."

"It comes to me—the taste for it, I mean—always with my liquor. I never think of it at other periods. I would keep a poet myself, if I could find a proper one. Poor André did some rhyming for me once, but it went like a broken-winded hackney. Harry Barry has a sort of knack at verse-making; but it is monstrous insipid, and only fit for his friend McMahon. 'Me and my friend McMahon!' 'Me and my friend Barry!' Are you not sick of the eternal speech of these two great-eared boobies, when they prattle of each other?"

"I never listen to them."

"You are right; but as I talk a great deal myself over my wine, I can't do less than listen to the brutes when I am sober."

"I say, Balfour, have you given any orders about the search of this place to-morrow? We should take it early."

"Oh, you are too impatient. Your avarice gets the better of you. Sufficient for the day is the plunder thereof. No cares to-night. Ha! Jupiter, you are there."

"This was said to Bacchus, as he arranged half a dozen dusty bottles upon the sideboard."

"Draw one of those corks; put the bottle here; remove the skins, and prepare to answer."

He was obeyed.

"Now stand there, that we may have a good view of you. Your name is Brutus, you say?"

"Bacchus, master."

"Bacchus! Bacchus! Strange that I should always forget. Bacchus, you have a very beautiful young mistress."

The negro was silent.

"Do you not think so, fellow?"

"She always good to me, master."

"And that, you think, means the same thing. Well, we'll not dispute the matter. Now, Bacchus, do you think that your young mistress cares a copper for any of the young officers at Dorchester? Speak up, like a man."

"I don't know, general."

"You general me, you rascal! But you sha'n't out-general me. I tell you, you do know. Answer, sirrah—didn't they come here constantly after your young mistress? Wasn't that handsome fellow, Proctor, always here?"

"Balfour, Balfour," interposed Cruden, "do not forget, I beg you, that Proctor is my kinsman."

"Pshaw! Why will you be throwing your nephew constantly in my teeth? Isn't ours a common cause? Don't we stand or fall together? And if your kinsman is in our way, sha'n't we thrust him out of it? What's he to either of us when the accounts are to be made up?"

"My sister's child, Balfour."

"Pish, were he your own now! Don't interrupt the negro. I say, Neptune, wouldn't you like to see your young mistress well married?"

"If she have no objection, master."

"A judicious answer! Well, she can have no objection, surely, to being married to a governor. Eh?"

"I reckon, master."

"She shall have a governor for her husband, Jupiter; she shall—and you shall be his body servant. I mean to be governor here, Pluto, as soon as we've driven all these rebels out; and she shall be my wife. Do you hear, fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're a sensible fellow, Bacchus, and know that a governor's something more than a major of foot, or dragoons either. He makes majors of foot and dragoons—ay, and unmakes them, too, when they're troublesome. I say, Cruden, this affair looks equally for Proctor; it does; and yet I'm sorry for the fellow, I am. I like him as much on his account as your own. Come, we'll drink his health. You won't refuse that?"

Cruden filled his glass moodily, and drank. Balfour proceeded—

"You think, Cruden, that I am talking with too much levity? Don't deny it. I see it in your face. You look as surly as Sir William, with the last touches from the tail of the gout—just beginning to be miserable. But, you shall see, I will conduct the rest of the good fellow's examination with due sobriety."

"If you have any more questions to ask, let him answer about the plate."

"Ay, to be sure; I meant to come to that. I see what troubles you. Ho, Pluto, your master was a gentleman; I know, from your manners. I can always tell a gentleman by his servants. They reflect his manners; they imitate them. That is to say, your master *was* a gentleman before he became a rebel. You are no longer his servant, and *you* continue a gentleman still. Your master was rich, eh?"

"I expect, sir."

"He had lands and negroes, and, I feel certain, kept good wines. Now, Plutus, among the qualities of a gentleman who is rich, he must be in possession of a famous service of plate; he must have urns of silver, punch-bowls, plates, vases, teapots, cream-pots, milk-pots, and a thousand things necessary to the table and the sideboard, made out of the bright metal, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I expect so."

"And, Juno, your master had them all, hadn't he?"

"O yes, sir."

"Where are they, Bacchus?" put in Cruden.

"I don't know, master."

"What? Well! Go on, Colonel Cruden, go on; if you are not satisfied with my—ah!—with my mode of—of—making this little domestic inquisition, why, you are at perfect liberty to—to do it better, if you can."

Cruden sullenly apologized, as he perceived that there was no propriety in doing otherwise.

"Go on, Balfour; I didn't mean to take the game out of your hands. No one could do it better."

"I flatter myself you're right, Colonel Cruden. I do think that I can—ah—examine this gentleman of a negro as—as—successfully as any gowned inquisitor of—of—Westminster. But you've put me out. I must have something stronger than Madeira to restore my memory. I say, Brutus—Bacchus—have you the water heated?"

"Yes, sir—general."

"And did your master—that was—did he have the decency, fellow, to keep in his cellar any good old Scotch whisky?"

"I don't think, master; but there is some particular fine old Jamaica."

"There is? It will do. Jamaica is only an apology for old Scotch whisky; but it is such an apology, Cruden—I say, Cruden, it is such an apology as any gentleman may accept. I must have some of it."

The bottle was already on the sideboard which contained the then favorite liquor of the South—Madeira being excepted always—and Bacchus was soon engaged in placing the spirits, the sugar, and the boiling water under the hands of Balfour, who insisted upon uniting the adverse elements himself.

"How gloriously it fumes! There, Cruden; drink of that, old fellow, and bless the hand that made it. Bacchus, you shall have a draught your-

self—you shall, you handsome old rascal—the better to be able—you hear—to answer my questions. There is much of this Jamaica?"

"Smart chance, general."

"Drink, fellow, and forget your old master in your now."

The negro showed some reluctance; and the commandant of Charleston, rising from his chair, seized the fellow by his wool with one hand, while he forced the huge goblet, with its smoking potation, into his mouth. Few negroes reject such a beverage, or any beverage containing spirits; and Bacchus, though a tolerably temperate fellow, swallowed the draught without much reluctance or suffering.

"And now for this plate, Cæsar?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say there was plate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was it kept?"

"In little room up stairs, sir."

"Have you the key to that room?"

"It's on the bunch, master."

"Show it me."

The negro pointed it out. Balfour grasped it firmly, and shook it free from the rest.

"And now, fellow, where's the key to your wine vaults—your cellar?"

"Garret, Bacchus?" interposed Cruden.

"I thank you, Colonel Cruden. But had you—I say, Cruden, in a moment more I should have used the word myself. *Garret*, fellow?"

"I left it in the door, master, last time I went up, thinking maybe you might want more of the Madeira."

"You did? You sensible fellow! Who shall say that a negro lacks forethought? Ah, Bacchus, you are the man for me. Come, Cruden, let us go."

"Whither? What do you mean?"

"To explore the wine vaults—to look into the cellar—to see after the plate! Now or never. I must see the extent of our possessions, old boy, before I sleep to-night."

The curiosity of Cruden—his cupidity, rather—prevailed over his sense of propriety. He was quite as ready for the exploration of the plate-room as was Balfour for the wine-cellar; and the two started, without further delay, under the guidance of Bacchus, bearing the candle. It was only when they emerged from the dining-room into the great passage way below stairs, that our lovers above were first apprised of the danger in which they stood of discovery. The voice of Bacchus first told them of the probable intrusion of the British officers into a portion of the dwelling not assigned to them, and in which their presence, at that hour of the night, was totally unexpected. The alarm of Katharine Walton may be imagined. Her fears, with regard to the safety of her companion, were naturally mixed up with the apprehensive sense of female delicacy, which must suffer from any detection under such circumstances. Singleton shared in this

apprehension, with regard to her, more than any with regard to himself. He felt few fears of his personal safety, for he was conscious that he possessed, in the last resort, a means for escape, in the conviction that he could, himself, easily deal with the two enemies, encountering him, as they would, unexpectedly. To feel that his pistols were ready to his grasp in his belt, that the dagger was in his grip and free for use, was to reassure himself, and to enable him, with composed nerves, to quiet those of his fair companion. Meanwhile, the two Britons, both somewhat unsteady, though not equally so, made their way up the stairs. The anxiety of Bæchus to give due warning to those above, prompted him, more frequently than seemed necessary to Balfour, to insist, in loud tones, upon the necessity of the greatest caution in ascending a flight of steps which, he repeated, were more than ordinarily steep.

"Hold on to the banister, general," he cried, on seeing the commandant make a sweeping lurch against the wall; "these steps are mighty high and steep."

"Shut up, fellow, and go ahead. Throw your light more behind you, that we may see the steepness. There, that will do. This is a large house, Cruden, eh? The proprietor contemplated a numerous progeny when he built. Solid, too: feel these banisters."

"All mahogany," was the answer.

"And carved. Old style, and magnificent. These provincials were ambitious of showing well, eh? An old house, eh? I say, Pluto, is this house haunted?"

"Haunted, master?"

"Yes, fellow. Don't you understand? Have you any ghosts about?"

"Why yes, sir. The old lady walks, they say."

"What old lady?"

"The lady of the old Landgrave."

"Landgrave?" exclaimed Cruden, inquiringly.

"Yes," answered Balfour. "You know that they had their nobles in this province: there were the Landgraves—which is German for lord or baron—and their Cassicoos, which is Indian for another sort of nobility; and their Palatinos, which is a step higher than both, I'm thinking—a pretty little establishment for a court in the woods. It was a nice sort of fancy of Lord Shaftesbury, after whom they christened this river and its sister—Ashley and Cooper—and if the old fox hadn't had his hands full of other conceits, you might have had him here setting up as a sort of Prince Macklevelly, the Italian, on his own account."

All this was spoken as Balfour hung upon the banister, midway up the steps, balancing himself for a renewed effort, and balancing to and fro, with his eyes stretched upwards to the dim heights of the lofty ceiling.

"Yes," said he, continuing the subject, "an old house, and a great one—not ill-planned for a palace; the family an old one, and of the nobility."

"An Indian nobility," said Cruden, somewhat contemptuously.

"Well, and why not? Nobility is nobility, whether savage or Saxon; and I'll marry into it when I can. Take my advice, and do the same. Is it not arranged between us that we are to divide the fair ladies of this establishment? I am to have the young one, Cruden, old fellow—being more suited, you know, by reason of my youth and good-fellowship, to her tender years. The stately and magnificent aunt, Mistress Barbara, who has a right to the quarterings of her great grandsire, and is an heiress in her own right, they tell me—she is the very fellow for you, Cruden. You will make a famous couple. She will preside like a princess in your Pinckney Castle; and the royal ships, as they enter the harbor, will be always sure to give you a salute. Yes, I yield to you the aunt; I do, Cruden, old fellow, without grudging; and will content myself modestly with the young creature."

This was spoken at fits and starts, the tongue of our worthy commandant, by this time, having thickened considerably, to say nothing of frequent spasmodic impediments of speech, known as hiccups to the vulgar.

"You are disposed of in a somewhat summary manner, Kate," whispered Singleton to his companion, both of whom had heard every syllable that was spoken.

"The brute!" was the muttered reply.

"What would Aunt Barbara say to all this?"

"If she be awake," said Katharine, "she hears it all. It will greatly provoke her."

"I can fancy her indignation! How she tosses her head!"

"Hush, Robert; they advance."

"If we are to divide all our spoils, Balfour," was the slow reply of Cruden, "upon the principle you lay down, my share would be a sorry one."

"What! you won't take the antique? Ha! ha! You go for tenderer spoils, do you; but I warn you, no squinting towards my Balamira. She is mine! Look elsewhere, if the old lady don't suit you; but look not to the young one. Divide the spoils equally, to be sure! 'Pickings' was the word of our backwood's captain—the unsophisticated heathen! 'Pickings!' The rascal might as well have called it stealings at once. But here we are, landed at last. Hello, Brutus, whose portraits are these? Lift your light, rascal. Ha! that's a pretty woman—devilish like our virgin queen. Who's that, Plutus? Your young mistress?"

"No, sir; that's her great grandmother, the Landgravine."

"God bless her nobility! It's from her that my Queen of Sheba inherits her beauty. I shall have no objection to marry into a family where beauty, wealth, and title are hereditary. I shall love her with all my heart and all my strength. And this, Scipio?"

"That's master, the colonel, sir—Colonel Walton."

"The rebel! Fling it down from the walls, follow. I'll have no rebel portraits staring me in the face—me, the representative here of his most sacred majesty, George the Third, King of England, Scotland, Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and father of a hopeful family. I say, down with the rebel-rascal, fellow; down with it! We'll have a bonfire of all the tribe, this very night. They shall none escape me. I have burnt every effigy of the runagates I could lay hands on; and, by the blessed saints! I will serve this with the same dressing. Do you hear, Beelzebub? Down with it!"

Katharine Walton, in her place of hiding, her soul dilating with indignation, was about to dart forward to interpose, totally forgetful of her situation, when the arm of Singleton firmly wrapped her waist. In a whisper, he said—

"Do not move, Kate, dearest; they will hardly do what this drunken wretch requires. But even should they, you must not peril yourself for the portrait, however precious it may be to your sympathies. Subdue yourself, dear heart. We must submit for a season."

"Oh, were I but a man!" said the high-souled damsel, almost audibly.

"Hush, Kate! Believe me, I prefer you infinitely as you are."

"Oh, how can you jest, Robert, at such a moment?"

"Jest! I never was more serious in my life."

"But your tone?"

"Says nothing for my heart, Kate. It is better to smile, if we can; and *play* with words, at the moment when, though we feel daggers, we dare not use them."

Meanwhile, the negro made no movement to obey the orders of Balfour. He simply heard, and looked in stupid wonderment.

"Do you not hear me, fellow? Must I tear down the staring effigy myself?"

He advanced as he spoke, and his hands were already uplifted to the picture, when Cruden interposed—

"Leave it for to-night, Balfour. You will alarm the household. Besides, you will give great offence to the young lady. I don't love rebels any more than you, and will help to give themselves as well as their effigies to the fire; but let it be done quietly, and after you've sent the girl to town. You wouldn't wish to hurt her feelings?"

"Hurt her feelings? No! How could you imagine such a vain thing? Of course, we'll leave the rebel for another season. But he shall burn in the end, as sure as I'm Nobsitt Balfour."

"Robert," whispered Katharine, in trembling accents, "that portrait must be saved from these wretches. It must be saved, Robert, at every hazard."

"It shall be, Kate, if I survive this night."

"You promise me, and that is enough."

## CHAPTER VIII.

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but  
The villainy of our fears.—CYMBELINE.

THE lovers were suddenly hushed, in their whispered conversation, by the nearer approach of the British officers. Cruden had, at length, persuaded his companion to forget the rebel portraits for awhile, and to address himself earnestly to the more important object of their search. Under the guidance of the reluctant Baccus, they drew nigh to the plate chamber, or the closet, in which, according to the negro, the silver of the household was usually kept. This apartment was placed at the extremity of the passage, closing it up apparently in this quarter, but with a narrow avenue leading beside it, and out upon a balcony in the rear of the building. It was in this narrow passage that Katharine and her lover had taken shelter. The outlet to the balcony was closed by a small door; and against this they leaned, in the depth of shadow. With the dim candlelight which guided the enemy, they might reasonably hope, in this retreat, to escape his notice—unless, indeed, the light were brought to bear distinctly upon their place of hiding. Here they waited, in deep silence and suspense, the approach of the British officers.

Baccus might have saved the commandant and the commissary the trouble of their present search. He well knew that the silver of the household had all disappeared. It is true that he knew not positively what route it had taken; but his conjectures were correct upon the subject. He was prudently silent, however—rather preferring to seem ignorant of a matter in which a too great knowledge might have ended in subjecting him to some of the responsibility of the abstraction. They reached the door, and Balfour fumbled with the keys, to the great impatience of his companion, who more than once felt tempted to offer his assistance; but forbore, from sufficient experience of the tenacious vanity of the commandant. At length the opening was effected, and the two darted in—Baccus lingering at the entrance, prepared to make a hasty retreat should the discoveries of his superiors result in any threatening explosion. For a time, their hopes were encouraged. They beheld several rows of broad shelves, almost covered with old boxes, some of which were fastened down. It required some time to examine these; but, at length, the unpleasant conviction was forced upon them that they had wasted their labor upon a beggarly account of empty boxes.

"Baccus," said Cruden, "is there no other closet?"

"Baccus, you beast, where's the plate, I say?"

"'T ain't here, general," humbly responded the trembling negro.

"Well, that's information for which we are grateful; but, you bloody villain, if you don't find it—if a spoon's missing, a cup, a tankard, a pot, a—a—I'll have you hung up by the ears, you villain, with your

head downward, like Saint Alsalam! Do you hear, Plutus? Do you know what hanging means, eh? Do you know how it feels? Do you know——"

"Ask him, Balfour, if there are not other closets."

"Poh! poh! Cruden; am I the man, at this time of day, to be taught how to put the question to a son of Ishmael? What do we want with closets? What have we got by looking into closets? It's the plate we want; the precious metals, the cream of Potosi—the silver, the ingots, the Spanish bars, you sooty, black, Ethiopian, Beelzebub; and if they're not forthcoming—ay, to-night, this very hour—you shall have dispatches for your namesake and grandfather, your nefarious Pluto—head downwards, you son of soot and vinegar! Do you hear? Head downwards shall you swim the Styx, old Charon, with a fifty pound shot about your neck, by way of ballast for a long voyage. The plate, old villain, if you wish to be happy on dry land, and keep your honest Ethiopian complexion!"

Bacchus declared himself fully sensible of the dangerous distinction with which he was threatened; but declared himself, in good set terms, and with the most earnest protestations, totally ignorant of the whereabouts of the missing treasure.

"I'm a poor nigger, master; they never gave the silver to me to keep. The colonel or young missus always kept the keys."

"Tell us nothing, fellow," said Cruden. "We know perfectly well that you are the trusted servant of your rebel master; we know that you have helped to hide the plate away. Show us where you have hidden it, and you will be rewarded; refuse, or pretend not to know, and as certainly as the commandant swears it, you will be hung up to the nearest tree."

"Head downwards!" muttered Balfour.

"If you will believe a poor black man when he swears, master, I swear to you I never had any hand in hiding it."

"Swear, will you, old Pluto? And by what god will your reverence pretend to swear, eh?" was the demand of Balfour.

"I swear by the blessed Lord, master!"

"Poh! poh! that won't do, you old rascalion. Would you be taking the name of the Lord in vain? You have no encourage you in violating the Ten Commandments? Besides, you irreverent Ichabod, such an oath will never bind such a sabbath sinner as you are. No, no; you shall swear by the Bull Apis, you Egyptian; you shall swear by the Horned Jupiter, by the Grand Turk, and by Mahomet and Pharaoh. Do you hear? Will you swear by Jupiter Ammon?"

"I never hear of such a person, master."

"You never did! Is it possible? You see, Cruden, how lamentably ignorant this rebellious rascal is. I shall have to take this Ethiopian into my own keeping, and educate him in the right knowledge. I will teach you, Busiris, and make you wise—that is, if I do not hang you. But hang you shall, by all the gods of Egypt—and that is an oath I never

break—unless you show where you have hid this treasure."

"I never hido it, master: I swear by all them people you mention!"

"People! They are gods, fellow, gods! But he swears, Cruden; he swears."

"Yes," said the other; "and as he does not seem to know about the hiding, let him conduct us to the other closets and close rooms. There are other rooms, Bacchus," continued Cruden, who ventured, upon the somewhat drowsy state of Balfour, to take a leading part in the examination.

"Some rooms down stairs, colonel," said the negro, eagerly.

"Down stairs? But are there no others above stairs? What is this opening here, for example? Whither does this avenue lead?" and, as he inquired, he approached the mouth of the passage, at the extremity of which Katharine Walton and her lover were concealed.

"Here, Bacchus, bring your light here! This place must lead somewhere—to some chamber or closet. Let us see. Your light! Ten to one this conducts us to the hiding-place of the treasure."

The hand of Katharine clasped convulsively the arm of Singleton, as she heard these suggestions. Her companion felt all the awkwardness of their situation; but he apprehended little of its dangers. He felt that he was quite a match for Cruden, even against the half-drunken Balfour; and he had no doubt that Bacchus would not wait for his orders or those of his mistress to join in a death-grapple with the enemy. He gently pressed the hand of the maiden, with the design to reassure her; then quietly felt the handle of his dirk. His breathing was painfully suppressed, however, as he waited for the movement or the reply of Bacchus. That faithful fellow was sufficiently prompt in the endeavor at evasion.

"That's only the passage into the open balcony, master; that just leads out into the open air;" and, speaking thus, he resolutely bore the light in the opposite direction.

"Never you mind; bring the light here, fellow; let us see!"—the very apparent reluctance of Bacchus stimulating the curiosity of Cruden.

"The open air!" said Balfour. "To be sure, I want a little fresh air. The balcony, too! That should give us a view of the prospect. The scene by starlight must be a fine one. We'll but look out for a moment, Cruden; and then give up the search for the night. I'm sleepy, and, after another touch of the tankard, will doll boots and buff, and to bed. This ignoramus knows nothing. We'll find the plate in the cellar, or under some of the trees, with a little digging. Don't be uneasy; I carry a divining rod, which is pretty sure to conduct me to all hiding-places. It only needs that the rod should be put in pickle for awhile. Ha, fellow, do you know what is meant by a rod in pickle?"

"Don't let us forget the balcony, Balfour. Do you not wish to look out upon the night?"

"Ay, true; to be sure."

"Here, fellow, Bacchus, your light here."

"Yes, sir," was the answer; and the heart of Katharine Walton bounded to her mouth as she heard the subdued reply, and listened to the movement of feet in the direction of the passage. But Bacchus had no intention of complying with a requisition which he felt so dangerous to the safety of those whom he loved and honored. The negro, forced to the final necessity, still had his refuge in a native cunning. It was at the moment when he turned, as if to obey the imperative commands of Cruden, that Balfour wheeled about to approach him; and Bacchus timed his own movements so well, that his evolutions brought him into sudden contact with the person of the commandant. The light fell from his hand, and was instantly extinguished, while a cry of terror from the offender furnished a new provocation to the curiosity of the British officers.

"Lord ha' mercy upon me! what is that?"

"What's what, you bloody Ishmaelite?" exclaimed Balfour, in sudden fury. "You've ruined my coat with your accursed candle-grease!"

"Lord ha' mercy! Lord ha' mercy!" cried the negro, in well-affected terror.

"What scares you, fool?" demanded Cruden.

"You no see, master? The old lady! She walks! I see her just as I was turning with the candle."

"What, the old Landgrave's housekeeper?" demanded Balfour.

"Pshaw!" cried Cruden; "don't encourage this blockhead in his nonsense. Away, fool, and re-light your candle; and may the devil take you as you go!"

The commissioner of confiscated estates was now thoroughly roused. His disappointment, in the search after the missing plate, and the fear that it would prove wholly beyond his reach, had vexed him beyond endurance. He was really glad of an occasion to vent his fury upon the negro, since the temper of Balfour was such as to render it necessary that he should exhibit the utmost forbearance in regard to his conduct, which Cruden was nevertheless greatly disposed to censure a thousand times a day. It was with a heavy bullet that he sent Bacchus off to procure a light, following his departure with a volley of oaths, which proved that, if slow to provocation, his wrath, when aroused, was sufficiently unmeasured. Even Balfour found it proper to rebuke the violence which did not scruple at the quality of his curses.

"Don't swear, Cruden, don't; it's a pernicious, immoral practice; and here, in the dark, at midnight—for I heard the clock strike below just before old Charon dropped the candle—and with the possibility—I say possibility, Cruden—that we are surrounded by spirits of the dead, ghosts of past generations, venerable shades of nobility—for you must not forget that the ancestors of this rebel colonel were Landgraves and Landgravines—his grandmother, as you hear, being the first Landgrave in the family—you saw her portrait on the wall, with

an evident beard upon her chin, no doubt intended by the painter to denote the dignity and authority of her rank, as Michael Angelo painted Moses with a pair of horns: and there is a propriety in it, do you see; for ghosts—By the way, Cruden, you believe in ghosts, don't you?"

"Not a bit."

"You don't? Then I'm sorry for his majesty's service that it has such an unbelieving infidel in it. A man without faith is no better than a Turk. It's a sign that he has no reverence. And that's the true reason why these Americans became rebels. The moment they ceased to believe in ghosts and other sacred things, they wanted to set up for themselves. Don't you follow their example. But where are you going?"

Cruden was striding to and fro impatiently.

"Nowhere."

"Don't attempt to walk in this solid darkness," counseled the moralizing Balfour, who gradually, and with some effort, holding on to the wall the while, let himself down upon the floor, his solid bulk, in spite of all his caution, giving it a heavy shake as he descended. "Don't walk, Cruden; you may happen upon a pitfall; you may get to the stairway, and slip. Ah! did you hear nothing, Cruden?"

"Nothing!" somewhat abruptly.

"I surely heard a whisper and a rustling, as if of some ancient silken garment. Come near to me, Cruden, if you would hear. I wish that fellow Bacchus would make haste with his light. I surely heard a footstep! Listen, Cruden."

"I hear nothing! It's your fancy, Balfour;" and the other continued to stride away as he spoke, not seeming to heed the repeated requests of Balfour to approach him, in order properly to listen.

Balfour's senses, in all probability, had not deceived him. The moment that Bacchus had disappeared, Singleton whispered to his trembling companion—

"Now is our time, Kate, if we would escape. Bacchus has slung down his light only to give us the opportunity. Let us use it."

"But they are at the entrance?"

"I think not. Near it, I grant you; but on the side, and with room enough for us to pass. Follow me."

It was lucky that the necessities of the service had long since forced upon Singleton the use of moccasins. There were few boots in the camp of Marion. The soft buckskin enabled our partisan to tread lightly through the passage; the heavy tread of Cruden contributing greatly to hush all inferior sounds. Singleton grasped firmly, but gently, the wrist of his companion. But she no longer trembled; her soul was now fully nerved to the task. Balfour had, however, in reality, settled down, in part, at the entrance of the passage. He was seeking this position of humility and repose at the very moment when the two began their movement. For the instant, it compelled them to pause; but when

assured that he was fairly couched, they passed lightly beside him; and, had not his superstitious fancies been awakened by the story of the ghostly Landgravine, his suspicions might have been more keenly awakened by the supposed rustlings of the ancient silk. To steer wide of Cruden was an easy task for our fugitives, as his footsteps announced his whereabouts with peculiar emphasis. The great passage was traversed with safety, and the maiden paused at the door of her chamber. Fortunately, it had been left ajar when she joined Singleton, though this had been done without regard to any anticipations of the interruptions they had undergone. To push it open and enter occasioned no noise. Singleton detained her only for an instant, as he whispered—

"Be not alarmed, Kate, at anything that may take place to-night—at any uproar or commotion."

"What mean you? What—But go! I hear Bacchus. You have not a moment to lose."

He pressed her hand, and stole off to the stairway. The steps yielded and creaked as he descended; but the heavy boots of Cruden still served as a sufficient diversion of the sound from the senses of the British officers. Our partisan passed on that side of the hall below which lay in shadow, being careful not to place himself within the range of the light carried by Bacchus, who crossed him in the passage. He had something to say to the negro, but deferred it prudently, nothing doubting that he would find his way to his chamber when all had become quiet in the house.

Let us once more ascend with the light, and see the condition of the enemy. Balfour was philosophizing. His drink had rendered him somewhat superstitious.

"I say, Cruden," said he, "if I have not felt the rustling of a ghost's petticoat to-night, may I be —!"

"I see no necessity why even a female ghost should appear in petticoats."

"It would be a very improper thing to appear without them," was the decent reply. "But," continued our philosopher, "I certainly heard her footsteps."

"Really, Balfour, if I could conceive of ghosts at all, I should certainly have no reason to suppose that they needed to make any noise in walking. A ghost, with so much materiality about it as to make her footsteps heard, is one with whom any strong man might safely grapple."

"Cruden, Cruden, you are no better than a pagan. You have no faith in sacred things. I certainly heard a rustling as of silks, and the tread of a person as if in slippers—a dainty, light, female footstep, such as might reasonably be set down by an ancient lady of noble family. I am sure it was a ghost. I feel all over as if a cold wind had been blowing upon me. I must have a noggin; I must drink! I must sleep. Confound the plate, I say! I'd sooner lose it all than feel so cursed uncomfortable."

"I am afraid it *is* lost, Balfour," responded the

other, in tones of more lugubrious solemnity than those which his companion had used in the discussion of the supernatural.

"No matter," was the reply of Balfour; "we'll talk the matter over in the daylight. I don't despair. There is the cellar yet, and the vaults. Vaults are famous places, as I told you, for hiding treasure. But the mention of vaults brings back that ghost again. Where are you, Cruden? Why do you walk off to such a distance? Beware! You'll tumble down the steps headlong, and I shall then have you haunting me for ever after."

"No fear. But here the negro comes with the light. Perhaps it is just as well that we should go to bed at once, and leave the search till the morning. It is not likely that we shall make much progress under present circumstances."

"Some of that liquor first, Cruden. My night-cap is necessary to my sleep. I thought I had taken quite enough already; but this cold wind has chilled me to the bones, and sobered me entirely. The ghost must have had something to do with it—one spirit acting upon another."

The light now appeared, and Bacchus emerged from the stairhead; and with an evident grin upon his features as he beheld Cruden erect in the centre of the passage, as if doubtful where to turn, bewildered utterly in the dark; and Balfour at the extremity of it, his huge frame in a sitting posture, in which dignity did not seem to have been greatly consulted.

"Ha, Beelzebub," cried the commandant, the moment he beheld the visage of the negro, "you are here at last! This is a hanging matter, you scoundrel, to leave us here in the dark to be tormented by the ghosts of your old grandmother. I have hung many a better fellow than yourself for half the offence; and, were you a white man, you should never see another daylight. Look to it, rascal, and too the mark hereafter, or even your complexion shall not save you from the gallows."

"I will look to it, general, just as you tell me."

"See that you do. Here, Cruden, give me an arm; my limbs seem quite stiff and numbed. That infernal wind! It was surely generated in a sepulchre!"

Cruden did as he was desired, and the bulky proportions of the commandant were raised to an erect position on the floor. He stood motionless for a moment, having thrown off the arm that helped him up, as if to steady himself for further progress: but the ghost, or rather his superstitious fancies, had really done much to sober him. His hesitation was due less to any real necessity than to his own doubts of the certainty of his progress. While thus he stood, Cruden in the advance, and Bacchus between the two, aiming to divide the light with strict impartiality, for their mutual benefit, the eyes of Balfour rested upon the portraits against the wall. That of the ancient Landgravine first compelled his attention.

"Hark you, Beelzebub: that, you say, is the venerable lady who still keeps house here at mid-



night? She is the proprietor of the ghost by which I have been haunted. It was her garment that rustled beside me, and her footsteps that I heard; and it was she that blow upon me with her ghostly breath, giving me cold and rheumatics. She shall burn as a witch to-morrow, with her rebel grandson. Do you hear, fellow? Let the fagots be collected after breakfast to-morrow. We shall have a bonfire that shall be a due warning to witch and rebel; and to all, you sooty rascal, that believe in them."

"Come, Balfour, let us retire."

Cruden was now at the head of the stairway.

"Let us drink, first. Advance the light, Beelzebub; and see that you bear it steadily. Drop it again, and I cleave your head off where you stand, ghost or no ghost. It's not so sure, yet, that you shall escape from hanging. If there be but a single spot of grease on my regimentals to-morrow, Beelzebub—say your prayers suddenly. I shall give you very little time."

The party at length found themselves safely below. Scarcely had they disappeared, when Mistress Barbara Walton put her head out of her chamber door. She had overheard the progress from beginning to end. She had drank in, with particular sense of indignation, that portion of the dialogue which, as the two officers first ascended

the stairs, had related to herself, and the cavalier disposition which it was proposed to make of her; and she felt that she was in some measure retorting upon the parties themselves when she could vent her anger on the very spot which had witnessed their insolence.

"The brutes!" she replied; "the foreign brutes! But I despise them from the bottom of my heart. I would not bestow my hand upon their king himself, the miserable Hanover turnip, let alone his hirelings. The drunken wretches! Oh!"—she exclaimed, looking up at the picture of the venerable Landgravine, threatened with the flames—"oh! how I wish that her blessed spirit could have breathed upon them, the blasphemous wretches—breathed cramps upon their bones, the abominable heathens! To speak of me as they have done! Of me—the only sister of Richard Walton! Oh, if he were here—if I could only tell him how I have been treated!"

The British officers suffered little from this burst of indignation. Balfour was soon comforted in the enjoyment of his night-cap; and Cruden was not unwilling to console himself, under his disappointments, by sharing freely of the beverage. In a little while both of them were asleep—the former in full possession of such a sleep as could only follow from the use of such a night-cap.

(To be continued.)